

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

FOR the last week the Democracy has fairly overrun the city, which it seems to be enjoying with extreme relish despite the great heat. Whatever the delegates may think of it, the heat is not, from the point of view of the spectator, to be regretted. It has added very much to the picturesqueness of our visitors, not having been great enough to induce hair-cutting on their part, and yet having caused a pretty general discarding of "the vest"—a garment perhaps as much steeped in conventionalism and the mere proprieties as almost any of man's integuments this side of his skin. The absence of it brings out in great prominence that "unterrified" quality of the Democracy on which the true Democrat prides himself as much, we suppose, as on the honesty, consistency, and so on of the party. But, so far as we have information at the present time of writing, the party might fairly be exhibiting some signs of amenability to the influence of terror—indeed, it may be only in outward show that it is so overflowing with almost vainglorious courage. The differences between the various cliques in regard to men and lines of policy seem to be all but irreconcilable, and a tremendous amount of hard work has been done by the leaders in the hope of bringing about a tolerable "campaign" show of unity. The Pendleton men have from the beginning been the chief obstacle, being very strong, yet not quite strong enough, in the Convention; being very decided as to what they want; and wanting something that a large section of the party hate either on principle or as being fatal to the chance of success in November. The Pendleton men have made more noise than all others put together. It is a wonder that they did not fall more than they seem to have done in the opinion of the other delegates—or, at any rate, in popular estimation—when the singular-looking, small squad of people, which had been heralded as the "Pendleton Escort" that was to look after the interests of "Ohio's Favorite Son," appeared on the streets—a woful keeping of the grand promises that Mr. Pendleton's journals have been making to us, and which had led us to expect a multitudinous and fierce host, capable of overawing even the Democracy of this metropolis. The three hundred and fifty braves who really put in an appearance would not, we should imagine, exert "a great popular pressure" on a political vacuum. We may safely remit our readers to the daily papers for reports of the speeches—none of which has been good, though Mr. Belmont's was artful—for lists of the names of the officers and drafters of resolutions and committees on credentials. The South seems to furnish most of the names that are very well known to the people at large. Wade Hampton, B. F. Perry, C. C. Langdon, and their friends—who, by the way, are behaving quietly, as, all things considered, becomes them—are better known than Mr. Sanford Church and Mr. H. C. Murphy and the Northern Democrats who have been serving the country in the State Legis-

latures. As we go to press, we share the inability of the Convention to name its candidates. The balloting of Tuesday, under the two-thirds rule, left Pendleton in the advance, but a good way behind the requisite number of votes, and with no rapid or considerable gains to encourage his friends to hope for a panic and a stampede in his favor.

The platform of the Democratic party is nearly as good as the Republicans could have desired. It gives up slavery and secession, though this cannot be called anything very remarkable, considered as a concession. It demands the immediate restoration of the Southern States, which is not a very dreadful requirement, as they are all in but three, and these are coming. It calls for the payment of the United States bonds in lawful money of the United States, and for the taxation of the interest, as if it were not already taxed; or, in other words, advocates repudiation in the meanest of ways. In relation to the tariff, the only thing remarkable in the platform is that it calls for "incidental protection," which is an open abandonment of the old Democratic position. The eighth resolution is entirely given up to abuse of the Republicans, and ends in affirming the right of the several States to regulate the suffrage, as the Republican platform has done. The only striking feature of the whole is the denunciation of the Reconstruction acts as "unconstitutional and void." It would, altogether, have been difficult for the party to take up a position more satisfactory to the Republicans. There is nothing left whatever, not a vestige even, of the old Democratic party in the platform. It has not only declared once more against the war and its consequences, but has laid aside all the old party principles. The only new principle it produces to take their place is, the right and duty of the nation to cheat its creditors. If a party can now be founded on this, or can escape defeat on this, it will certainly be a comical as well as tragical termination to the great struggle for the Union.

The Committee of Ways and Means, and the sober Republicans who follow their lead rather than that of those two "good old Democrats," Mr. Logan and Mr. Butler, have taken away the shame brought upon the party by the late proposal to tax the interest of the bonds. The Committee, in reporting the bill which they were ordered to prepare, accompanied it by a protest which we warrant will make more of the votes that Mr. Butler is anxious for than the bill or Mr. Butler's repudiation speeches. On Wednesday week Mr. Edmunds introduced a resolution to this effect: that the votes for President of the Southern States shall not be counted by the Electoral College unless each State shall have made a constitution and organized under it a State government which shall be in operation at the time of the election, and shall have regularly chosen electors, and its representatives and senators shall have been admitted to Congress. This resolution Mr. Trumbull opposed. Arkansas and Florida, he declared, were as much in the Union as Massachusetts or New Jersey, and Congress had no right to interfere in regard to the Presidential election in those States. Mr. Trumbull's general ground of objection was that the resolution was intended to reopen a settled matter and give to Congress revisory power to count the electoral vote or not. Mr. Edmunds afterwards withdrew his resolution. In the House, on the same day, there was a debate on the Alaska purchase, and more hostility than had been generally looked for became apparent. The duty of the House to pay is, we fear, undeniable, unfortunate as it may be that Mr. Seward and the Senate have laid that duty upon it. Mr. Stevens, on Thursday, introduced a bill for the division of Texas into two States—a measure which he might as well have allowed to wait till a more convenient season. On Monday, three of the North Carolina representatives presented themselves, and were sworn in. Mr. Jenckes, whose Civil Service Bill has been discussed a great deal outside the House, and very little inside it,

will call it up as soon as the Appropriation Bill has been passed. We believe Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont, is the only representative who has made a set speech against it—a most remarkable speech it was too—and one might fancy there could be no doubt about its passage; but there is little hope of its passage. We suggest the time of the final vote upon the bill as a very fit period for the constituents to “watch vigilantly” the course of their representatives. On Tuesday, Mr. Stevens introduced several additional articles of impeachment against the President, and his colleague, Mr. Williams, gave notice of his intention to do likewise in a few days.

The report of the Committee of Ways and Means in obedience to the Cobb resolution, was exactly what the case needed. They obeyed the order of the House, but so drew the required bill as to put the real nature of the transaction aimed at before the House and the country, and appended to it a hearty expression of their own disgust with the business. There is, of course, no chance that any such measure will be passed; but this fact, which was patent from the beginning, only makes the conduct of the sixty-one Republicans mysterious. The most probable of the motives attributed to them is a desire to get the better of the Democrats at the West by showing a little leaning to one of the prominent Democratic doctrines; but then they might have accomplished this result at less cost by passing a resolution denouncing military government at the South and abusing the negroes. This would greatly disconcert the Democrats and seriously damage the Republican party, but it would not injure the public credit as this last performance has done. In other words, it would be fully as foolish, but less mischievous.

Mr. Butler has brought in his report on senatorial corruption. To treat an investigation into the motives of the judges who tried a cause, conducted in secret by one of the defeated counsel, as in any sense of the word a judicial investigation, would be an offence against sound principles of jurisprudence as well as against good morals of which we shall not be guilty. That Mr. Butler should, in this instance, have been furnished by the House with parliamentary power to send for persons and papers was as great a scandal as can be found in parliamentary annals, and the result of his labors is, of course, simply a specimen of his own powers in working up a case against people who have greatly annoyed and disappointed him. It has been received by the press with decent contempt or silence. It does not contain a particle of proof against any senator; but, of course, it bristles with insinuations. Other comment it does not deserve; but to one passage in it we cannot avoid calling attention, as an illustration both of the Butler mode of working and of the depth of the disgrace the House has brought on itself and on the party in letting him have his way—we mean that in which he treats the failure of the witnesses to mention any of the seven senators as having been subjects of discussion amongst the corrupters, as proof that these gentlemen were considered as certainly corruptible. We ought long ago to have spoken of the creditable way in which Messrs. Boutwell, Wilson, and Bingham have acted in abstaining from all participation in this discreditable farce. Mr. Boutwell went home to Massachusetts, and proved himself a gentleman and a man of sense by telling his constituents that the trial was fair, that he did not agree with the verdict, but that there was the end of the affair.

If Shook and Woolley want employment, we cannot suggest better work to them than intriguing with certain Republicans to get them to join the Democratic party. If Woolley would go on to Washington, and engage in this species of corruption, we think he would meet with a good deal of support from better men than he is used to, and would find funds in abundance. In fact, the Republican Committee could not make a better use of some of its money than to place it at Woolley's disposal for this purpose, and if he should engage in attempts on Mr. Butler's virtue, for instance, we think the process would be one of the most amusing and most interesting ever witnessed. But we warn both him and Shook that, with a fish of this description at the end of their line, it would not do to carouse over-night and pass the next day

in unconsciousness. They would have need of all their faculties, but, if they succeeded, they would render more service to their country than we fear they are ever likely to render in any other way.

The reply of Mr. Fessenden to the invitation he recently received to a public dinner in Boston contains an admirable exposure of the nature of the influences which raised the outcry against him, but it leaves one passage in the history of impeachment as dark as ever. How was it that the great mass of the public in and out of Congress were so completely deceived, and remained so long under the deception, touching the effect of the Tenure-of-Office Act? As Mr. Fessenden says, all the offences charged against the President in the articles, except his violation of this act, had been thoroughly canvassed by the House with a view to impeachment, and pronounced insufficient to sustain a prosecution long before the late trial was thought of. When he removed Mr. Stanton, however, the impression became general—we shared it ourselves—that at last he was within the meshes of the law; but it now seems that the main body of the senators knew all along that this removal had not caught him, and that something else was necessary to bring him to grief. The senators were not alone in this opinion. Thaddeus Stevens said that all the articles were worthless except the eleventh, and this eleventh was certainly hard to swallow, for it alleged the removal of Stanton in 1868 was effected in pursuance of threats and denunciations uttered in a half-drunken speech in 1866. How was it that the public remained in this fog so long?

Mr. Fessenden touches on one point to which we called attention ourselves at the close of the trial, and which was in our opinion the most remarkable incident connected with it—that those who imputed corrupt motives to any Republican senator who voted for acquittal always allowed that any senator might clear himself of the suspicion by voting guilty on any one charge. The proof of purity was in finding a verdict of guilty, it made no difference for what reason. For instance, if all the Republican senators had agreed to acquit on all articles but the eleventh, Mr. Fessenden might have said not guilty on this one, if he could have said guilty on, say, the second, without laying himself open to any imputation. But if he refused to say guilty on the eleventh, and at the same time failed to select some other article on which he would say guilty, it showed him to be a corrupt perjurer. Nothing could illustrate better than this little circumstance either the knavery or the stupidity of those who were most active in getting up the crusade against the seven senators. We do not remember a case in history in which a clumsier attempt was made to prostitute the forms of law in the service of party passions. We were in favor of having Mr. Johnson found guilty; we were prepared to see him found guilty, and, as we have said, shared the popular impression that he was guilty, but his conviction by such influences as were brought to bear on the trial would have been a great national misfortune. If the devil himself were on trial, and it was found that the prosecutor was using his own weapons against him, the place of good and wise men would be on the devil's side. The devil is nothing in such a case, the maintenance of the principles against which he wars is everything.

One other point Mr. Fessenden has not cleared up, and that is the fact that “his own brother” differed from him in opinion on Mr. Johnson's guilt. There was so much said about this during the sitting of the convention at Chicago, and it has been so often referred to by some of the “whole-souled” newspapers, that we presume it must be an important circumstance. Has Mr. Fessenden nothing to say about it? How is it that his brother was able to pronounce Mr. Johnson guilty without having heard the case, when William Pitt Fessenden, after having fully studied it, acquitted Mr. Johnson? Of course, this does not prove William Pitt Fessenden to be a base man, but it certainly seems to raise most harrowing doubts about him in many ingenious minds. Thousands are asking themselves with sorrowing hearts, “Can a man be pure whose blood relations differ from him on points of law?” Will Mr. Fessenden not speak and explain? Perhaps the brother is only a half-brother after all; perhaps he was simply adopted



by Mr. Fessenden's parents, and is not connected with him by blood; or perhaps there is another brother or an uncle who thought Mr. Johnson not guilty, and thus can be used as a set-off. As friends of justice, we ask the public to suspend their judgment on this grave matter till Mr. Fessenden is relieved from his Congressional labors and reaches his home. We ourselves feel sure that he will offer a satisfactory explanation.

The Catholic archbishops have issued an official manifesto, declaring that the proposal to raise a battalion for the Pope in this country did not originate with them, and has been persistently urged upon the military authorities at Rome by "some party or parties who have assumed to represent them, not only without their sanction or authority, but without their knowledge." They add, moreover, with great cruelty, that the "gentleman who has succeeded in securing for himself the command of the battalion does not enjoy, and is not entitled to their confidence," and that "the Catholic papers which have given place to his ill-advised correspondence are not to be recognized as reliable exponents of Catholic views or sentiments, still less as discreet or commendable advocates of the Catholic cause." This is very hard on the military gentleman and on the journalists; but very creditable to the archbishops. They add that money is what the Pope most needs, and not men. If this be true, why not disband the army, and use the funds which now go to feed and pay the lazy scamps who compose it in missionary labors? Here are heathen, as any one of the archbishops will tell us, going to destruction in enormous numbers every day, for want of instruction, and the money that would send out missionaries to them is put into "Zouaves," who are certainly neither a credit to the Church nor the world.

The Austrian Reichsrath has forced the ministry into taxing the coupons of the Government bonds—in some cases 20, in others 16 per cent. The loans are largely held in England, and a large body of the London bankers have consequently protested, through the Foreign Office. Baron von Beust has replied in a calm, conciliatory despatch, in which he makes no attempt to disguise the real nature of the transaction. He simply says that, considering what the condition of the Austrian Empire has been during the last twenty years, the holders of its securities must have been prepared for some such result as this sooner or later, and that the high rate of interest they have been receiving was in reality a sort of insurance against disaster; that the Dutch creditors of the Government so considered it, and put aside all they received over five per cent. as clear gain; that the question which presented itself for solution in 1866, when he came into power, was not whether the public liabilities should be punctually met, but whether the empire could be saved from total destruction; that it was hoped at first that Hungary would have assumed, on the separation of interests, what Austrian financiers considered her legitimate share of the debt; but that she had refused to do so. It was then proposed simply to mulct the creditors in the amount—12,000,000 florins—which Hungary refused to assume; but this, it was found, would hardly give any relief. In order to keep the machinery of government in motion at all, it was felt to be necessary to bring the debt within limits with which the treasury could deal without danger to the whole amount. The creditors generally seem to feel they have gained in security by this composition, and the bonds have slightly risen in the market.

This is, it is to be hoped, the last of the long series of Austrian humiliations. The Emperor has, considering his education, which was priest-given and outrageously bad—so bad, that it is only recently, for instance, that he has become acquainted with the history of the English Stuarts—shown a good deal of good sense under his misfortunes. His selection of Baron von Beust, a foreigner and a Protestant, as Prime Minister, after the battle of Sadowa, to extricate the empire from its difficulties and the Government from the hands of the priests and the nobility, proved uncommon force of character. But he must, nevertheless, suffer still in ways which, to the modern man, are now almost unknown.

He signed the bill abrogating the Concordat; but sent in anguish to the Pope, immediately afterwards, to ask for pardon, on the plea of overwhelming necessity. The Pope, like a practical man, as he is, granted the desired pardon, but holds the Concordat to be as good and as binding as ever.

The Italians have followed the Austrian example in endeavoring to throw a portion of their financial burden on the public creditors. The majority in the Parliament have forced Count Cambray-Digny to tax all Government coupons 10 per cent., those in the hands of foreigners as well as those in the hands of natives. Count Cambray-Digny in vain pointed out that there would be, at the close of the present year, a deficit of \$126,000,000, and that to meet this something beside taxation would be necessary, and that, no matter what expedient they resorted to, general reliance in the good faith of the Government and people would be necessary to success; that, therefore, anything which looked like a breach of faith would be an act of folly. He added that there was no use in maintaining that taxing coupons held by foreigners was not a violation either of "the letter or spirit" of the public contract. He said that there was no doubt that when the foreigners lent the money—and foreigners have lent most of what Italy owes—they never anticipated a reduction of 10 per cent. in the amount of their interest to meet the necessities of their debtor, and no such thing was, by anybody, supposed either probable or possible. The only answer to this is, that if foreigners were exempted, native holders of Government obligations would escape taxation by fraudulent transfers; but even if they did, there are so few of them, the loss would be very small. As it is, the gain from taxing the foreigners will be but small after all; in comparison with the deficit, it may be said to be next to nothing. Most of Italy's creditors have been so alarmed of late, however, by the state of things, that they will probably not grumble much over a reduction of the interest, which may be only temporary, if it can be shown them that it will, even in a small degree, increase the security of their capital.

There is, however, both in the Austrian and Italian financial breakdown something respectable. The politicians of neither country attempt to deceive people as to the nature of their course. They acknowledge that what they are doing would be a disgraceful thing if there were any way of avoiding it. They do not attempt to excuse it by any other plea than overwhelming necessity. They have not the inflexible impudence to come before the world, as our repudiators do, to quibble about "the letter of the law," and in the same breath announce their unwillingness to pay, boast of the wealth and resources of the country, and invite the entire human family to come over and share their prosperity with them. Nor do they propose to "pay" their debts in promissory notes of their own making. Moreover, all the Italians do is to subject the interest on government bonds to the same tax which is imposed on all other kinds of property; they do not clamor, as our repudiators do, for an additional tax over and above this, or talk as if there were some occult quality in government interest which made it a proper subject for double burdens.

In France the financial question is still the great question of the day. M. Victor Bonnet, one of the ablest French writers on financial questions, has been discussing Baron Haussmann's "beautifying" expenditure with terrible clearness. His conclusion is that the Baron has been the cause of an outlay in Paris, inside of fifteen years, of \$1,400,000,000, of which \$40,000,000 are merely for property destroyed. He shows, moreover, that he has not only brought an army of 80,000 mechanics and laborers to the capital, but a vast body of other persons, who are indirectly dependent for their support on the continuance of this expenditure, and whom a stoppage of the works would plunge in misery, and who, in all probability, could not now be induced to go back to the country, and whom the Government has therefore on its hands as a veritable *plebs*. He points out, also, that national decline has always followed "the concentration of the whole life of a people on the embellishment of their capital," and that such embellishment should always be slow, gradual, and natural, in order to be safe.

### TRAITORS IN THE CAMP.

IF anybody will consult the newspaper files of the summer and fall of 1865, he will find that for six months at least before the meeting of Congress many of the Radical chiefs were in a state of great anxiety lest the Southern representatives should get back into their places before conditions had been imposed on them. At that time negro suffrage had not begun to be advocated, or, at least, was only advocated by very few on grounds of right or justice. Even Wendell Phillips relied largely on the expediency of the thing, and one of the great reasons why negro suffrage was pronounced to be expedient, was that the negro vote would be needed to help the Republican party to defend the public credit from the assaults which the Southerners were expected to make upon it. Senator Sumner, we remember, quoted with horror a passage from one of the letters of our correspondent, who was then travelling in the South, in which he reported an interview with a young man—we believe in Virginia—in which the young man said he was willing to acknowledge himself whipped; but that if anybody supposed he was going to help to pay the cost of whipping him, that person was—we veil his language under a paraphrase—in a very remarkable degree mistaken. We accordingly all set to work to get the negroes enfranchised—our motives, of course, being mixed. Some were affected most powerfully by one consideration and some by another; but we presume there has hardly been any advocate of the Congressional plan of reconstruction who was not affected powerfully by the hope that negro suffrage would strengthen the Republican party sufficiently to enable it to fulfil the national obligations to the persons whom the party had induced to lend money to carry on the war.

The negroes have been enfranchised, and the South is nearly back into the Union. The process of reconstruction has lasted long, and caused much irritation, and given rise to much discussion. The Southerners have certainly not kept very quiet, and adversity has apparently deprived them of none of their old frankness. We believe we know pretty well from their own acts and declarations what it is that is uppermost in their minds, and yet, as far as our observation has gone, nothing worthy of note has come from any Southern source indicating that a desire to evade or prevent the punctual payment of the national debt is prevalent amongst the Secessionists, or, at all events, influences their political action or forms part of their political programme. They are troubled about many things, but apparently the best means of cheating the public creditor is not one of the things which seriously occupies them.

Yet the public credit is generally admitted to be suffering more or less damage. The Republican party has done all it can to uphold it, by formally denouncing all attacks on it as a "crime," and making its defence a part of the party platform, but somebody is attacking it, and damaging it, too. It is not the Southerners. They say nothing about it. It is not the negroes. As far as they have spoken their minds about it at all, they have given every reason to believe that it, at least, has nothing to fear from them. It is not the Democrats. It is true, a large portion of the Democrats are in favor of repudiation in a disguised form, and just now are putting this idea in the forefront of their battle, and abuse the "rascally bondholders" a good deal. But then this is, after all, rather harmless work, for two reasons: one is, that the Democrats are not in power; the other is, that they are not likely to be. What Pendleton says on this subject is not much heeded in the money markets of the world, because Pendleton is well known to be a private gentleman, and to be likely to remain so. Nor are the utterances of the Democrats in Congress of much consequence, because they are a very insignificant minority.

Who is it, then, that is filling the world with alarm about the national good faith, and disgusting and disheartening everybody who looks to the United States for the display not simply of greater material prosperity, but of a higher moral tone than older nations? Why, a knot of arch-radicals—men who have been the chief supporters of negro suffrage, who have had more than most men to do with "putting the war through," and getting people to advance money to carry it on—none of your weak-kneed, weak-backed, milk-and-water brethren, but regular "whole-souled, reliable statesmen," "educated up" to the highest attainable point of ardor and enthusiasm—"friends of mankind," too, whose performances, could he behold them,

would kill Anacharsis Clootz with envy. There is Mr. Benjamin F. Butler at the head of them; there is—we were going to print a list of the names of his followers—but our daily contemporaries have done it much more effectively than we could do it. Suffice it to say, that amongst the names of those who voted with him last week to cheat the public creditor of the tenth part of his interest, will be found those of few men whose "soundness" has ever been doubtful, or who have ever allowed themselves to lag in the rear when any "leaping ahead" was to be done. Having exhausted nearly every extreme except the extreme of dishonesty, they have fallen back on repudiation. The impracticable and unreasonable they have begun to find intolerably stupid and monotonous, so they are now trying the knavish in search of a new sensation.

Moreover, there was an argument in very common use during the war, which Bentham in his "Book of Fallacies" calls the *noscitur a sociis* fallacy, and which consists in alleging that what you say cannot be sound, because certain persons known to be bad agree with you in it. This played a very prominent part in the argumentation of the New York Tribune, and of all that peculiar school of logicians of which it is the head, and has been constantly used by them to refute the plainest and most sensible opinions upon the questions of the day. There is no fallacy by which the voice of reason is so often drowned, for it has the great recommendation of being within the reach of the meanest capacity. It is one of the first weapons which your thoroughbred blather-skite clutches when he finds himself hard pressed. During the last three years—though we are glad to see it is rapidly losing its effect—it has been constantly employed to frighten timid or sensitive men into acquiescence in all sorts of follies. Under it, any Copperhead or Democrat has only to concur in your opinions, or to take up a position beside you, in order to cover you with confusion and destroy all confidence in you. For instance, when we were arguing against the return of P. T. Barnum to Congress, we were informed that none of the reasons we gave for desiring his defeat were worth attention, inasmuch as they gave satisfaction to the Copperheads of the Fourth Connecticut District.

This being the accepted orthodox logic, however, we hardly expected to see prominent Republicans ranging themselves with Copperheads in the House of Representatives in assaults on the public credit, and yet that is the spectacle we now witness. It is, to say the least, singular that in the various attacks Mr. Butler and his followers have been making on the Tax Bill, he has had the hearty co-operation of the Democrats; but what is more singular is, that the same persons who did not think there was time for Mr. Schenck's Tax Bill to pass, also think that the interest on the national bonds should be taxed ten per cent. What is most singular is, however, that such a doctor in the law as Mr. Butler should now make light of the great *noscitur a sociis* argument as a foolish argument which has no weight, and impudently persevere in his evil courses. We trust that some of the "organs" which admire this gentleman, and consider him a pillar of the Church, will take note of his heresies, and put in force whatever course of discipline may be necessary to prevent his giving further scandal, and to correct his manners and excesses.

There is one other argument about which the present course of events causes us serious anxiety. We have found no proper name for it in the ordinary works on logic, but it ought to have one, and a good one, and we have contrived one ourselves, which we offer with great diffidence, but which we trust will not be found unsuitable. We propose to call it the *argumentum a gaudio infidelium*—the argument that you cannot be an honest or good man because what you say or do rejoices the Copperheads. This, too, was a favorite one with the Tribune, until Mr. Greeley bailed Jefferson Davis, when it was used against him by the New York Times in a cruel and indecent manner, and it fell out of use in Mr. Greeley's paper. Its ordinary form is this: "On Mr. —'s motives we cast no imputation; they may be good, or they may be bad; but this we do know, that there is not a Copperhead from Maine to California who is not made happier by what he did last Monday," or Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case may be. Now, we do not ourselves think much of this argument. We have known it to fail, and we ourselves never use it. It is too delicate for ordinary political discussion, and it is certainly falling into disrepute. But before it loses all



its power, we propose to turn it against the sixty-one Republicans who followed Messrs. Cobb and Butler in their attempt to disgrace their country last week, and ask them whether they know that there is not a Copperhead or Secessionist in the United States whom their conduct has not delighted and inspired with hope? Nay, more, whether they know that there is not an enemy of popular government on the face of the earth who will not hear of it with delight, and who will not treasure it up for use in defence of caste and privilege, and that there is probably nobody who, during the next five years, in any quarter of the globe, preaches great political possibilities for the human race, who will not have it cast in his teeth, and whom it will not confound and make ashamed?

### THE REAL OBSTACLE TO LOANS AT LOW INTEREST.

ONE great difficulty in dealing with the repudiators in the Republican party arises from the fact that they resolutely refuse to discuss—a trick which they have not unnaturally learned from the War-Horse section of the House of Representatives. Mr. Cobb, our readers may have noticed, immediately after moving his resolution—a most important resolution, too, likely to depreciate the property of millions of people in all parts of the Union and the world—"moved the previous question." He was unwilling to allow one word of debate upon one of the most momentous subjects that has ever come before the House. During the short parley which followed, only one approach to argument was made, and that was by Mr. Butler; he informed us that what he and his confederates proposed to do was what the English did. This, let us say, was a perfectly characteristic speech. Your genuine War-Horse always turns his tail in a menacing manner towards anybody who ventures to question the superiority of the United States to all the other nations of the earth; but when, as is not at all uncommon, he has himself some scheme of unusual folly in contemplation, one of the first things he does is to search the records of foreign countries, and especially those of England, for some similar piece of wickedness and absurdity, and if he finds one he produces it triumphantly, and rests his case—as if the sole mission of the United States was to be no worse than the worst of other nations, and as if a companion in his sin was all that a sinner needed to purge him of his guilt.

Unfortunately for Mr. Butler, in this case the argument is worthless. England has never inflicted a special and exceptional tax on revenue derived from government securities. The question of taxing them at all was fully debated when the first income-tax was proposed, and all the arguments pro and con. were carefully considered. It was decided that it would be unfair to exempt income derived from one source from burdens to which incomes from all other sources were subjected. The holders of government securities were, moreover, more than any other class, interested in the safety of the government. This argument did not apply, it is true, to foreign holders, and a sincere desire was manifested to exempt them, if possible; but the foreign creditors of England were then, as they are still, so exceedingly few in number that it was not worth while to make special provision for their exemption, and even if their number had been larger, it would have been impossible to exempt them without opening the door to frauds, which would have made the collection of the tax from the native holders practically impossible. It was decided, too, and rightly decided, that in placing the government securities under the same tax as all other species of property, the best possible security was provided against any attempt to cheat the owners by disguised repudiation, inasmuch as a tax which pressed them too hard would not be submitted to by the rest of the community. Sacrifices which people are to share, they are not generally so ready to impose. We feel satisfied that if Mr. Butler will put a considerable portion of his fortune into the hands of trustees, with instructions to keep it invested in government bonds, all other holders will cheerfully submit to any special tax which he may think the welfare of the people requires to be levied on the interest.

A tax imposed on the interest of government securities has always something suspicious and abnormal about it, because it is a tax imposed by a debtor on his creditor at the discretion of the former, and sound morality, therefore—the care which every man ought to have both in

his private and public course for the moral sense of his children—requires that no such tax should ever be imposed without every precaution being taken to deprive it even of the appearance of unfairness, and the only way of doing this is to treat the creditor simply as a member of the community—tax all alike, and ask no questions for the purpose of discriminating between incomes derived from different sources, *unless there has been a special agreement not to tax him.* In that case anybody who says, "Tax him nevertheless, he has no remedy," deserves the penitentiary a great deal more richly than nine-tenths of its present inmates.

For the only precedent for the Cobb-Butler resolution we must look to Austria and Italy. The Reichsrath has just passed a law taxing government coupons about 16 per cent., in some cases by the simple imposition of a tax, and in others by a forced conversion in which new securities at a lower rate of interest are given in exchange for the present ones. All that can be said about this is that it is either a fraud or an act of bankruptcy. The Austrian empire has been within the last three years on the point of extinction. Its escape from its present difficulties is still doubtful. It is threatened by nearly every danger, internal and external, by which a state has ever been beset. The revenue is at present little more than sufficient to pay the army and the civil servants of the government, and any increase of taxation in the present temper of the various races of which the empire is composed would be futile or perilous. Under these circumstances, the choice of the government lies between total bankruptcy and partial repudiation, and the creditors are so well aware of this that they accept the latter, if we may judge by the rise of the Austrian funds, with thankfulness.

Italy, on the other hand, is struggling frantically for bare life. She is burdened with charges which it is generally believed she cannot meet by ordinary taxation, and yet failure to meet them means death. Nearly all her creditors are foreigners, and her parliament has forced on the ministry the levy of a tax on their interest. The thing is a disgrace and scandal. There can be only one excuse for it, and the Italians themselves do not offer any other—overwhelming necessity. It is the act of a nation at its wits' ends, an act which no high-minded Italian likes to talk of or think of. The other great European repudiator is Spain, whose swindles have been so barefaced that the quotation of her securities is not permitted on any bourse in Europe, and a measure of similar severity is now in contemplation with regard to Italy and Austria. Yet it is these three countries that some of the men whom an inscrutable Providence has permitted to assume a prominent position in the Republican party, ask us to copy or compare ourselves with in regulating the dealings of the United States with those who trusted it in the hour of its distress. They tell us in one breath of the magnitude of our national resources, of the prodigious capacity of our population, of the unparalleled rapidity with which the national wealth and national strength increase; they are never tired of picturing the magnificence of the future, both near and remote, which awaits us, and the dread and envy with which the wearied and despondent Old World regards us—and in the next they ask us to descend to expedients for saving a few millions a year to which only the poorest, weakest, most sorely tried, or the most demoralized and shameless of civilized nations resort.

The Chicago Platform hit the nail on the head when it said that the true way to convert our debt at a lower rate of interest was to raise our credit. No government pays as high a rate of interest as money will bring if invested in industrial undertakings; but people are content to take a lower rate of interest from governments for the sake of great security and regularity. But if you make government securities doubtful, either as regards the payment of the interest or principal, they are the worst securities in the world. On all others, the courts of law may enable one to realize something if the worst comes to the worst; but if a government proves unfaithful to its engagements there is no remedy. Our bonds were all issued on disadvantageous terms because the security was very poor. The nation was engaged in a war of which no man could foresee the termination; it was rolling up a debt of which nobody could foresee the total amount; and that debt was dependent for its payment simply upon the good faith of a people who had never been greatly tried, and the shrewdest financiers in the

world doubted its good faith. Those who lent the money were, in fact, the laughing-stock of the European exchanges. The Republican orators and editors encouraged them to lend it, however. They said the Government would soon come out of the war victoriously, and they proved to be right. They said the debt would not prove too large for the national capacity, and they proved to be right. They said it would be held sacred by the people—as sacred as the memory of the dead who died in the war, and would be paid as promised without ifs or buts or excuses. Whether they were right in this still remains to be proved. We believe they were; but it must be admitted, too, that such incidents as the Cobb-Butler vote in the House of Representatives go far to justify those who during the war decried the Government loans. These are the very things *they* predicted. They said, even if the North won, even if the debt did not prove too large for its capacity, it would not pay; they said that the high rate of interest was all humbug; that it would be lowered in a few years under the preaching of unscrupulous demagogues to an unscrupulous multitude, and at this moment it is impossible to say that this was pure calumny.

It cannot be too widely known that all assertions that England has ever forced a conversion at a reduced rate of interest are gross misrepresentations. Mr. Butler produced it a year ago in support of his first attack on the public credit. It was promptly exposed in Boston, but he characteristically takes no notice of the refutation, and is still using the argument for the delusion of the masses. The price of the English funds in the market is of itself a proof that the English Government has not been guilty of this particular form of swindle. No government which has ever evaded its obligations can get 97 per cent. for its promises to pay. It has effected several conversions when it found itself paying a higher rate of interest than could be obtained on similar security elsewhere; but the penalty with which it threatened its creditors, in case of non-compliance, was payment in coin. There is only one reason why the credit of the United States should stand lower in the market than that of England; there are a dozen reasons why it should be able to borrow on better terms than any government in the world. In the present condition of the European continent, the enormous armaments, and the great political uncertainty with which every nation is afflicted, the bonds of this Government ought to be eagerly sought at even four per cent. per annum by the vast body of annuitants which is found in every civilized country in the Old World, and they *would* be sought but for the recurrence of such incidents as the voting of the Cobb resolution, and the figure which politicians like Mr. Butler are allowed to cut by the party which carried on the war and incurred the national debt. No prudent man likes to place his fortune, or that of his wife and children, at the mercy of a body which suddenly proposes to clap a tax of ten per cent. on interest under the "previous question," and in violation of the public faith solemnly pledged; and those who desire to see the United States borrow at low rates will do well to set a mark on Cobb's followers, and do what in them lies to see that they go back to Congress no more.

The mode of dealing with the creditors of a great nation which these men seem to think suitable would cover a private firm with everlasting infamy. Suppose Brown Brothers & Co. were, during a crisis like 1857, when they were suffering some losses from failures, to summon their creditors to their parlor, and the senior partner were to address them in this fashion: "Gentlemen, the times are hard; we have been suffering some losses, but our resources are still great; in fact, they may be said to be unimpaired. We have, however, effected assignments of our property, so as to leave you without legal remedy and leave us free to act as our judgment shall prescribe. We are abundantly able to meet our engagements in full, but we have determined to pay you only fifty cents on the dollar; to do more would necessitate a certain amount of care and self-restraint and hard work on the part of ourselves and our families, to which both they and we are unwilling to submit, and, in fact, will not submit, particularly as most of you, it is quite evident, are well off, and can do without the money. We have only to add that in making this announcement to you we are acting under the advice of the well-known Tombs lawyer, Mr. Baker. He has assured us, and you are doubtless aware, that worse swindles than this are perpetrated every day, so that this of ours need not, and will not, excite any great astonishment. Numerous cases have occurred in

this experience in which mercantile and banking firms have not only not called their creditors together and made them the handsome offer we make you, but have gone clean off without paying a cent—a course which, in Mr. Baker's opinion, was even more sensible than that which we are adopting. We trust we shall hear no complaints from you; indeed, you will hardly have the impudence to make any, considering that your motives in dealing with us have been throughout purely mercenary. If any of you have ever honored our drafts from personal affection, we have yet to hear of it."

What would the world say to this?

#### THE LATEST PHASE OF THE RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS.

THE report of the English Commissioners on the Neutrality Laws has at last been made. It is now six years since the necessity for some addition to the Foreign Enlistment Act was conclusively shown by the easy departure of the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers from English ports. But if we complain of the length of the period which England has consumed in swinging around towards our position, our strictures can at least go no further; for her ponderous momentum has carried her over so large an arc that this report places her at a distance even further removed than that of the United States from her former objectionable stand-point. The proposed legislation is briefly as follows: That it shall be a misdemeanor to fit out, arm, despatch, or cause to be despatched, any ship with intent or knowledge that the same shall or will be employed in the military or naval service of a belligerent against another belligerent with whom England is at peace; or to build or equip any ship with the like intent; or to commence or attempt to do, or aid in doing, any of these acts. When reasonable and probable cause is shown to the Secretary of State for suspecting any breach of this statute, he has power—a power which it is to be presumed that no Secretary would be at the peril of declining to exert—to issue a warrant for the arrest and search of the vessel and for her detention until proof of the incorrectness of the suspicion is duly made. Further, a *prima facie* case is taken to have been thus made out against the vessel; and the burden of proof is accordingly shifted upon her owners, who must thereupon, before they can obtain her release, furnish positive affirmative evidence sufficient to put it beyond a doubt that they and their vessel do not fall within the purview of the act.

Certainly such legislation is thorough enough and severe enough. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, one of the commissioners, regards it as far too severe. The true object of a Foreign Enlistment Act, as it is called in England, or a Neutrality Act, as it is called in this country, is simply to aid the nation which passes it to meet those obligations to other nations which are imposed upon her by international law; and to this end such acts give power to government officials to interfere for the prevention of the breach of such obligations; they have never been designed to curtail any privileges which a people would otherwise be free to enjoy. Such, then, being the true object of the act under discussion, Mr. Harcourt's objection lies to making the simple building of the ship a misdemeanor. He argues that such mere building is allowed by international law; and that, therefore, it is unnecessary and unjust to push the statute beyond its proper purpose in order to subject a strictly legal business to needless, vexatious, and perhaps ruinous interference. There seems to us considerable force in this objection. It is certainly founded on a very sound distinction of international law—the distinction between the lawful trade with, and unlawful assistance to, a belligerent—the distinction which creates the difference between the cases of the Confederate cruisers built and equipped in England and the case of the *Meteor*.

The distinction is so important that we will endeavor, by the help of these two cases, to make it clear. Judge Nelson's recent decision in the latter case we regard as sound law and pure justice. Even if the Government had succeeded in proving that this vessel, without martial equipment or a fighting crew, was to be sent to Panama in the hope that either Spain or Chili might there buy her, she was bound on a strictly legal venture. Nay if, going in such condition to Panama, negotiations for her sale to Chili upon her arrival there had been already opened, or had even been concluded—we only suppose this case, we



saw nothing in the evidence to support it—she could then only have been subject to the risk of seizure on the way thither—confiscation by Spain as contraband of war. Beyond this, our Government would have been under no liabilities, would have broken no obligations, to Spain by reason of her open clearance and departure. Such a vessel is, as Mr. Harcourt says, a fair and proper subject of trade between a neutral and a belligerent. On such a voyage she is just like gunpowder or muskets, a simple commercial venture in contraband of war; which means only that if captured she may be confiscated, not that the government who knowingly allowed her departure from one of its ports has broken any obligation of international law.

On the other hand, the Confederate cruisers when they left the English ports were already in a great measure armed and equipped vessels of war; practically, they were then and there fighting ships of the rebels. Their despatch was virtually a coalition *pro tanto* between the neutral and the belligerent; it was not simply an effort to trade in the ordinary and regular course of commerce. They sailed not to find a good market, but to prey upon American commerce. This was the purpose which the parties in England who despatched them had in their minds at the time.

This last statement brings us to the fact that the crucial test between legality and illegality lies in the intent of the builders or owners. The intent that the vessel shall be employed by one belligerent in hostile operations against the other creates criminality. But the phrase "intent" is construed with great strictness. A hope, a wish, an expectation, is not necessarily an intent within the meaning of the law. Neither is an intent to offer the vessel for sale to a belligerent an intent that she shall be employed in hostile operations against the other belligerent. The *Meteor* was built for the use of our own Government; it was only at the close of our war that her owners thought it desirable to sell her if they could get a good price. In herself she was a legal article of merchandise, of sale, if the transaction was not tainted by any illegal intent. Her owners could have sent her to Panama with the hope or the expectation that she would be there bought by either Spain or Chili. Their grounds for such hope or expectation might be more or less satisfactory, but in no case could this have been construed into an illegal intent. On the other hand, the builders of the *Alabama* sent her out from Liverpool with the clear intent then present in their minds, and with the distinct purpose, that she should at once enter into the service of the Confederate States as a hostile war cruiser against American merchantmen. The difference is substantial, not technical. Since, therefore, it is clear that the building and the sale of vessels suitable for warlike purposes may be a strictly legal business on the part of a citizen of a neutral country, Mr. Harcourt's fear that the proposed enactment against the mere building, or even beginning to build, might often ruin the projectors of perfectly justifiable enterprises, seems to us far from groundless. If England, though gratuitously, put such restrictions upon herself, it is probable that hereafter she may, upon occasion, expect us to do likewise. Probably we shall be unwilling to comply, and should deny her right to require it of us. No one now demands it of her, and it seems to us a pity needlessly to include the clause in her proposed legislation.

#### RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

##### I.

THIRTEEN years ago Alexander the Second ascended the throne of the Czars, and over a decade has already elapsed since the inauguration of the new era in Russia. Everybody is familiar with the vast domestic reforms which have been carried into effect during this period; but what is less generally known is the fact that the participation of the public by word and deed in the domestic affairs of that country likewise dates only from the dawn of the new era. The public and the press of Russia are alike young and inexperienced in political life. At the same time, the position which the press occupies toward the population is entirely different from what it is in the countries of Western Europe. The Russians are still exceedingly impressible by anything printed; as a general thing, they treat it as indisputably true, and not as a mere individual opinion. Consequently, the few journalists and authors of the country never take great pains to present that which they lay before their readers in as strong a light as possible; and, moreover, the small number of cities, the sparseness of the villages in

the interior of the country, and the almost entire absence of an intermediate class between the summits and the lowest layers of society, are decidedly unfavorable to a sifting and winnowing discussion of what is to be read. The press, in discussing political, scientific, and social questions generally, must aim not only at the further development of the knowledge of the educated classes, but oftentimes also at the diffusion of the most elementary information. The whole public life of the country is a series of political events but slightly connected with one another, rather than an organic and progressive process of civilization; fluctuations, sudden leaps forward and backward, impart an exceedingly lively physiognomy to it, but are extremely unfavorable to steadiness of progress and to the stability of the reforms which have already been achieved.

Until 1862, the revolutionary journals, pamphlets, and books which gifted agitators, such as Alexander Herzen, Bakunin, Dolgorukoff, and kindred spirits smuggled into Russia by tens, nay, by hundreds of thousands, exerted a powerful influence upon public opinion, and most of the domestic journals, having democratic and socialistic tendencies, added to the longing of the people for radical reforms. But the terrible conflagrations which devastated St. Petersburg in May, 1862, and the outbreak of the insurrection in Poland and Lithuania, seemingly put an end to the strifes of the contending parties, and blended them all into a fierce and irresistible blaze of national sentiment. The organs of the democratic and socialistic era either were silenced or lost their influence over public opinion. Two journalists, Katkoff and Leontyeff, the editors of the *Moscow Gazette*, by fiercely inveighing against the former tendencies of the press, paved the way for the truly wonderful influence which their journal was soon after to gain over the national party of Russia. The so-called liberal journals demanded that the Government should extend over the whole country the violent and socialistic measures introduced in the western provinces, and destined to elevate the lower classes at the expense of the boyars. The conservative press opposed this line of policy, asserting that the Russian nobility deserved more considerate treatment at the hands of the Government. But when the Government, in its course toward Poland and Lithuania, acted more and more in accordance with the law of conquest and theories of confiscation and forfeiture, the national party took a bolder stand in favor of the extension of the Russian system over all of the western provinces, and the political differences of its organs disappeared in the common attacks which all of them made upon the peculiar system of administration still prevailing in the non-Russian provinces of the empire. A terrible *cæ victis* resounded, in the first place, against Finland, and then, for several years, against the Baltic provinces, and their social, political, and religious peculiarities, their language and ancient privileges, were assailed with intense bitterness. Under the pretext that separatistic tendencies were on the eve of assuming a character extremely dangerous to the existence of the whole empire, that their leading men had entered into a conspiracy with the Polish insurgents, and that they were in favor of the annexation of their provinces to Prussia, Denmark, or Sweden, the whole press of the national party finally sought to render the Government distrustful of the frontier provinces, in order to induce it to pursue toward them the same system of Russification which, the Government says, the law of self-preservation compels it to employ in Poland and Lithuania.

In one respect, however, the national press of St. Petersburg differed from that of Moscow: in the former, political democracy and conservatism, or rather revolution and reform, were the two elements opposed to each other; in the national press of Moscow the adherents of Russianism were opposed by the advocates of Pan Slavism. The Petersburg press was milder and more theoretical in its tone and polemics; the journals of Moscow were more reckless in their choice of means, and more radical and outspoken in advocating the national cause, but, at the same time, less servile toward the Government. In consequence, their influence was soon by far greater than that of their Petersburg contemporaries. The tone of the Moscow papers, flattering as it did the vanity of the Russian people, was, at the same time, more in keeping with their intellectual condition, and, consequently, they obtained in the course of a few months a very large circulation. The Government maintained a sort of reserved neutrality between the various camps of the national party and press, so that it would have been difficult to say with which side it sympathized. Its whole attention seemed to be engrossed by the preparations for the convocation of the provincial assemblies and the reforms of the courts and several branches of the administration, which were to be carried into effect at the beginning of the new year.

Suddenly, on the 1st (13th) of September, 1865, the whole country was startled by the appearance of an imperial ukase which established a sort of liberty of the press for the daily papers of the two capitals, St. Petersburg

and Moscow. By this ukase all such journals were fully authorized to decide whether or not they intended to submit, as heretofore, to the censorship of the press officials. During the next two months nearly all the large and influential papers resolved to avail themselves of the new privilege. Strange to say, however, while a great many papers had formerly advocated the abolition of press censorship in the most emphatic manner, the ukase excited more astonishment than enthusiasm, nor did it add materially, as had been expected, to the circulation of the newspapers. This was the more singular as the new system, although it was to be applied only to the newspapers published at the two capitals, in reality delivered nearly the whole press in the old Russian provinces from the shackles of the censorship; for that the intellectual life of the Russian people centers in, and is almost exclusively confined to, St. Petersburg and Moscow, is a fact which the organs of the national party never tire of deploring. Thus, one of the most prominent journalists of St. Petersburg, Mr. Korsch, says in one of the leading national papers, the Russian *St. Petersburg Gazette* (January 11, 1866), that not a single new journal had been started during the preceding year in the old Russian provinces. "In the silent solitudes," he says, "which are called Russian provinces, there are only two or three oases which seem to be animated by political life. In all these provinces there are but two daily papers. The two journals published at Kiev are tri-weeklies, and the papers issued in the interior of Russia are weeklies, controlled by the local authorities, whose decrees they print without ever devoting any attention to general politics. Moreover, the two dailies above referred to, the *Odessa Gazette* and the *Wilna Gazette*, are published in annexed provinces, and the latter is an official organ."

What was still more singular, the abolition of the censorship did not exert a very perceptible influence on the intellectual character of the Russian press. Nearly all the papers seemed to be utterly destitute of a true sense of the dignity of journalism, and at a loss to understand that it was now incumbent on them to place the new achievement on so solid a foundation that the first gust of wind should not be able to overthrow it. It was as if all they cared for was to prevent such a gust from reaching them. The control which they exercised over their own columns arose not so much from the desire to lay valuable and carefully prepared matter before their readers as from their apprehension lest the Government should inflict on them some of the rigorous penalties fixed by the press law. The journals scarcely ventured to discuss questions which the censors had formerly forbidden them to allude to, but confined themselves to less guarded comments on topics that would not be likely to involve them in difficulties with the Government. The most visible fruit of the new press régime was the increased virulence with which the newspapers attacked one another.

At the same time, the monthly press, the magazines, and reviews, which had hitherto played such a distinguished part in the political and literary life of the nation, lost much of their former importance. It seemed as if they had deemed it worth while to discuss social and political doctrines, to record and characterize the progress of Russia since the inauguration of the new era, to familiarize the Russian people with the developments of Western civilization, and to communicate to them the results and achievements of modern science, only as long as they had to wrest their pages one by one from the clutches of their reluctant and distrustful censors. In place of their somewhat diffuse, but withal profound and valuable, essays, their columns contained henceforth nothing but flippant and puerile criticisms of what had been achieved during the reign of the Emperor Alexander, or the trashiest and dullest tales and essays. Little attention was henceforth paid to the enlightenment of the Russian people in regard to the progress made by the Western nations in art, science, and literature.

Shortly after issuing the new press ukase, the Government, by another decree, granted additional privileges to the metropolitan newspapers by reducing the postage upon them throughout the empire, while that charged for the provincial journals remained as exorbitant as it always had been. This newspaper postage business in Russia is an exceedingly curious one and it really seems as if the rates of postage were fixed according to the political proclivities of the journals, and as if the post-office forwarded those papers which are on good terms with the Government at much lower rates than those which are hostile to it. Thus, for instance, the following semi-official papers, the *Northern Post*, of St. Petersburg, the *Wilna Gazette*, and the *Odessa Messenger* pay the lowest postage—namely, two silver rubles—throughout the empire. The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, the organ of the Department of Foreign Affairs, the *Börsenzeitung* (printed in German), which is sometimes used as a semi-official organ, and the *Moscow Gazette*, favored by the Government on account of its large circulation and great influence, pay three silver rubles a year; the Russian *St. Petersburg Gazette*,

the *Golos* (the *Voice*), etc., four silver rubles. Four silver rubles are also the postage rates charged for all the daily papers in the Baltic provinces, while the Polish papers have to pay five silver rubles a year.

Compared with all these advantages granted to the metropolitan journals, the continuance of the censorship for provincial papers, as well as for all kinds of pamphlets and books, exerted, as a matter of course, the most depressing effect upon the latter. It is well known that in countries where the daily press is impaired in influence or character, or neglects any of the tasks imposed upon it, the writers of *brochures* and books seize upon the field thus left unimproved, and, owing to the greater thoroughness and method with which they treat the subjects in question, cause the journals to resume their discussion under more favorable circumstances. Such, however, is not the case in Russia. Aside from the fact that the peculiar character of the book trade in that country, and the exceedingly imperfect means of communication between the different cities, render the distribution of books and pamphlets both difficult and very slow, the censors never allow a *brochure*, much less a large book, to appear at the very moment when the public takes the liveliest interest in the subject of which it treats. In Russia it is almost impossible to publish even the smallest political pamphlet in the nick of time, unless the moment when it will tell best is known a long time in advance. And yet it is nowhere more necessary than in Russia that every literary manifestation should follow in the wake of the event to which it refers, inasmuch as the public at first takes the liveliest interest in all public affairs, but, with astonishing fickleness, loses all interest in them as soon as another event, however unimportant it may be, attracts its attention.

The character of the daily press of St. Petersburg and Moscow is in perfect keeping with this peculiarity of the Russian public; it is extremely fickle, flighty, and inconsistent; it treats the most insignificant matters with the same zeal and emphasis as the most important subjects. Now, it might be supposed that the more important events and questions, after being dropped by the metropolitan papers, would be taken up by the provincial press, and thus be kept before the people, so that a salutary interchange of views would take place between the organs of the central provinces and those of the frontier provinces. But no such thing is possible in Russia. Not only was the censorship of the provincial press maintained in its full rigor, but it was rendered even more oppressive and intolerable in the very provinces most noted for their literary activity and productiveness. Such was the case both in Poland and in the Baltic provinces. Owing to the ukase of the 14th (26th) of December, 1865, the newspapers published at Riga, Revel, Dorpat, Mitau, etc., no more dare to criticise any act of the Government than they did during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, when even the most timid criticisms were resented in the most barbarous manner. The extreme severity with which the Polish press was treated is, of course, to be accounted for by the process of Russification then in course of execution in that province. But in the Baltic provinces the Government did not consent to pursue the same course until the almost unanimous voice of the Russian press, which had been repeatedly worsted in argument by the German papers of those provinces, had called upon it again and again to do so.

The press of the western provinces having been effectually muzzled, and the press of the interior being too insignificant to be considered either a rival or a formidable opponent, the papers of St. Petersburg and Moscow now held undisputed sway over the whole field of Russian journalism. But this time again the influence of these seeming advantages was far from salutary. While the tone of the metropolitan journals became more arrogant and overbearing than ever, the quality of their reading-matter grew more and more unsatisfactory. The simple fact was, that there was in the whole of Russia almost no editor capable of treating in a thorough and intelligent manner the great social and political reforms which the Government was intent on carrying into execution. As long as the Russian press had only to point out what reforms should be introduced, it was perfectly equal to its task, powerfully supported and assisted as it was in its opposition to the existing state of affairs by the doctrines and spirit of the so-called Russian "Nihilism," which at one time seemed to have affected nearly the whole people, and which, if the system of oppression pursued under the Emperor Nicholas had been persisted in after his death, would have been certain to bring about a terrible democratic revolution. But no sooner had the Government entered the path of reform than the press seemed utterly unable to grapple with the questions arising from the new state of affairs. "Nihilism" still lingered in, and exerted a powerful influence over, the minds of most of the prominent journalists, and this accounts, to some extent, for the lack of ability which they displayed after their journalistic task had assumed an entirely different aspect.



## THE NEW PROCESS OF MUMMIFICATION.

FLORENCE, Italy, June 20, 1868.

SOME few months since the French and Italian papers were full of descriptions of Prof. Marini's discoveries of the process of mummification, petrification, and his methods for restoring mummified bodies, or portions of the same, to their original volume, color, and appearance. The English papers pool-pooled the accounts; decided *a priori* that they must be exaggerated. Our curiosity was aroused, and, availing ourselves of an introduction, we visited the professor in his modest abode, and spent yesterday afternoon in examining his specimens and in listening to his explanations; and as his labors bid fair not only to advance science, to protect students of anatomy from its attendant dangers, but also to alleviate human sufferings, we feel no doubt that the subject is one fraught with interest for all classes and all countries.

The first specimen the professor showed us was the foot of an Egyptian mummy, of which the half remained in its mummified condition; the other half was restored to its normal color, form, dimensions, and suppleness. Shutting the window and holding a candle behind the foot, you see the transparency of the soft, the shadows of the hard, substances. Another foot, perforated by a ribbon and sealed, with the inscription: "Pied à l'état sec vu le 29 janvier, 1868, Nelaton," was presented supple, fresh, and of normal color, and on the reverse of the parchment was written: "Ce même pied examiné le 26 février, a repris sa souplesse assez complètement pour que j'aie pu disséquer assez facilement le muscle abducteur du cinquième orteil, Nelaton." Next came a hand, on which was written: "Paris, 14 novembre, 1864. La main est à l'état sec, C. Sapey;" and lower down: "Le 25 novembre, 1864. Cette main a repris sa flexibilité et tous les caractères qu'elle présente à l'état frais, C. Sapey."

On this hand Nelaton experimented. Hitherto it has been impossible to inject the arteries with wax or other substances used in anatomical studios, on account of the salts which form in the arteries themselves, preserved by systems hitherto known; whereas by Marini's system a corpse may be injected with the substances necessary to facilitate a perfect study of all the arteries, even after many years of preservation.

Considering the number of students who annually lose life or limb in the act of dissecting, if Marini's system shall denude the corpse of its venom and present a harmless subject to the student, for this gain alone humanity will have cause for gratitude. According to some of the most celebrated anatomists this point is already gained. "Where," writes Professor Corrado Tommasi, "Marini has reached the summit of art in anatomical preparations, is in the process by which he obtains the preservation of animal tissues in a fresh state. Among his preparations he possesses an arm detached in September, 1864, from a corpse in the *École pratique* of Paris (bearing the seal and signature of Professor Sapey), which seems freshly severed from the body to which it belonged. All the organs which enter into the composition of this member—skin, tissue, nerve, muscle, etc.—have preserved the size, color, consistency, and suppleness of a fresh corpse not yet rigid. This arm may be desiccated to-day, and be used for an anatomical demonstration precisely as it was used three years since in the Practical School of Paris.

"Nor is this process of Marini applicable solely to partial fragments of the human form, since he preserved for an entire year in a fresh state the corpse of Professor Martini, of Cagliari, previous to petrifying it, and four months after death dressed it, and had a photograph taken so perfect and expressive as to delight all those to whom Martini was known. In the experiments performed before the commission of the Medical Academy of Florence, Marini arrested the already commenced putrefaction of the corpse of a four-years child, restoring to it all the appearance of freshness, which it still maintains despite the intense heat of last year's summer. The brain, the spinal marrow, the most delicate tissues of pathological formation, are perfectly preserved with all their normal appearances, and apparently for ever. A microscopic examination of all these preparations demonstrates that the elements of the tissues have suffered no variation of form or dimensions; possibly one observes a slight opacity, especially where albuminous matters abound. But there is no coagulation even of these substances, no granulous appearance in the contents of the cellular elements or of their derivations."

The photograph of Professor Martini to which Tommasi alludes I enclose, leaving it to those who see it to say whether it appears to have been taken *four months after death*, as the acts and documents of the municipality of Cagliari prove beyond all doubt that it was.

These two processes of *transitory mummification*, and the preservation of animal tissues in a fresh state, are obtained by the immersion of the body in a liquid composed of *vegetable* substances whose component parts

are Marini's secret, jealously kept hitherto, to the displeasure of the medical faculty, who fear that, like Segato, he will take his discovery with him into the grave. On this point I ventured to question him, and he assures me that he has no such intention, that he has already declared to the commission of the Medical Academy of Florence that he will reveal his secret to them, and afterwards to the public, as soon as they shall present their report on the experiments of which they have been witnesses. As usual, Marini has not proved a prophet in his own country. Even as in the case of the brothers Lollini, it was left for the Professors Tardieu and Nelaton to proclaim to the world the excellence of their surgical instruments, and to award them the first-class gold medal at the Paris Industrial Exposition, while Italian surgeons persisted in exalting the superiority of the Charrière manufactory, and the Italian Government in supplying the army and navy from the same, so it was to Nelaton and his *confrères* that Marini had to look for any official recognition of his wonderful discovery. But a worthier motive than this natural pique keeps him silent yet. His experience in the substances best adapted to preserve inanimate matter from decay led Marini to experiment on animate matter affected, if we may so express it, by premature decay, by death in life.

In the hospital of S. Maria Nuova, in Florence, with the consent of the attendant surgeons, Marini applied his lotion to several patients affected with cancer, ulcer, and similar diseases. In the first place, this lotion was applied to a foot covered with ulcerated and bleeding sores, or, as the *Sperimentale* expresses it, *large fungous masses abundantly sanguineous*. The ordinary method adopted by Dr. Rosati and by his predecessor, Professor Paoli, had not succeeded in bringing about any useful modification of the wound which could point to the hope of cicatrization of the surface. On the contrary, the rapid reappearance of the fungi after their removal pointed to the necessity of operation. Marini's liquid was tried for a month. Rapid and profound were the modifications that ensued. At the end of the month two-thirds of the affected part were cicatrized. Professor Marini absented himself from Florence, the application was discontinued. In a few days the wound broke out afresh, nor did the cicatrization proceed one step. The lotion again applied, the patient has recovered all that he lost during the professor's absence.

In the case of another patient the liquid produced, in a very short space of time, cicatrization of a varicose wound which had defied all other treatment. After the quotation of other cases by Dr. Rosati, one of which he requested the members of the society from whose *procès-verbal* we quote to watch and examine, Dr. Billi certified that he had applied the Marini liquid to one of his own relations affected with cancer of the tongue; that said cancer, which had proceeded with frightful rapidity for two months, and which, according to the first surgeons, could not be extirpated, had been *arrested* by the application of Marini's liquid. Other cases are still under cure. Two women affected with internal cancer are now being treated by him in the hospital, and but last week he was summoned to attend the sister of the Syndic of Naples, on whom his liquid has already produced the desired effect. The surgeons, even those who apply his lotion, are not on good terms with him, because he will not reveal the ingredients of which it is composed. He justifies himself by saying, that when he first applied the lotion to cancer, especially to internal cancer, it had the great defect of fostering, rather than stopping hemorrhage; that for this defect he has found the remedy, and that when he has brought his liquid to what he considers perfection, he will, in his own way and on his own terms, reveal his secret.

It is to the curative results of Marini's discovery, to the cure of cancer and of hospital gangrene, now in course of experiment, that we attach more importance than to any other, singular and interesting as all are. His preservation of animal food is also a useful invention; meat desiccated in one year has been eaten the next, as his liquid has no smell and no deleterious effects.

His petrifications are the most curious, though perhaps of least practical utility, of all his discoveries, as any animal substance once reduced to a state of petrification cannot be restored to its fresh state as when only mummified or dried. He showed us petrified livers of human beings and animals, a petrified medal of Garibaldi's blood, a petrified rabbit, etc., etc.; strike them with a hammer, and they give the ring of stone, and, like stone, they break into fragments if hit hard enough; but they are not as cold as stone, and, if you hold a light behind them, they are transparent at the edges. As his last specimen, the professor uncovered a small table standing in the middle of the room, which, to all appearances, was made of Florentine mosaic encrusted in the ordinary cement. Pointing to the bright red bits, he said: "That is human blood, that bullock's, that fowl's. Those purple bits are liver; those, lights; those, lungs; that is bile; the cement of

the whole is human brain." We laid our hands on this extraordinary conglomeration and found it less cold than marble, but to the touch of the hammer it gave forth a similar sound.

A similar, though far more elaborate, table was presented to the Emperor of the French, who was deeply interested in Marini's discoveries, which he caused to be thoroughly investigated by Professor Nelaton.

In this table, composed of blood, bile, liver, tissues, brain, four human ears are encrusted; in the centre is poised a woman's foot, which preserves its natural color and transparency, the whole bearing an even and brilliant polish. It has been sent by the Emperor to the Orfila Museum, whence it is to be transferred to the Museum of Natural History. W. M.

## Correspondence.

### MR. WARING'S ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

My love for precision of statement—a love which has waxed strong under the sound teachings of the *Nation*—impels me to ask you to correct two errors into which you have fallen in the review of my "Elements of Agriculture," in your issue of 18th inst.:

1st. The book has been reduced in size, not "enlarged," in its present edition; and far from being offered as a "general treatise," it is offered conspicuously as "a book for young farmers."

2d. I am at a loss to know upon what paragraph of the book you could have based your assertion that *I say* that "the subject of agriculture is too large and varied to be treated in a small compass, and that accordingly he has been compelled to make general statements—some almost inaccurate, and many very unscientific—in order to save time and space, but hopes the reader will excuse the want of finish and possible confusion."

Surely, I never entertained precisely this opinion of my work; and on a close examination of it, I can see nothing to suggest to you the idea that I express it. If you find that I am correct in my opinion, will you kindly modify your charge of—absurdity?

Respectfully,

G. E. WARING, JR.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 25, 1868.

[We think Mr. Waring has just cause of complaint, in that the notice of his book which appeared in the *Nation* made him seem to say of it things which it would undoubtedly have been self-stultification for him to say, and which, moreover, he did not say. The injustice is due, however, to clumsy phraseology, and not to intention on the part of the reviewer. Mr. Waring's preface is deprecatory, perhaps too much so, and with the impression made by it, and by his own examination of the book, strong on the reviewer's mind, a little want of care in the construction of his opening sentences did the mischief. We are very sorry for it, all the more because the reviewer thought exceedingly well of the book, and did not mean to take any lower estimate of it than perhaps Mr. Waring would take himself.]

As regards the size, the reviewer read, liked, and reviewed the first edition, but not having it by him when he read the second, he was led by the appearance of passages in the latter with which he was not familiar to suppose it had been enlarged. In speaking of some of its statements as "unscientific" and "inaccurate" he simply meant that they did not contain the whole truth, or mixed and confused it so as to throw difficulties in the way of the unscientific reader; but there was not one of these which he deemed of serious weight or looked upon as injuring the book for general use. They deserved mentioning, but this was all, and we do not think it would be worth our while, or that of our readers, to point them out in detail. We can say with truth that anybody who buys Mr. Waring's book will not only have a much better book than Mr. Waring's preface leads them to expect, but the best book of the kind there is in existence.—ED. NATION.]

### THE CHURCH MILITANT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In your paper of the 18th instant, under the head of "The Church Militant," referring to the movement to enlist soldiers for the Pope's army

in the United States, you say that it is illegal—call it a "breach of the law." Will not you in a future article show, for the benefit of those who are not learned in the law, wherein this breach exists? I am ignorant of the fact. I supposed that such things were only illegal when done for the purpose of raising troops or procuring munitions of war to be used against a power with which we are at peace—that is, violating our *neutrality laws*. If the *Papa* of Christendom is now at peace with our friends, armed men for him are not for the immediate purpose of being used against our friends, therefore not for the purpose of violating our neutrality laws. But I am really ignorant on this point, and write in good faith to ask for enlightenment: I should also be extremely glad if you would give, more at length than heretofore, the *points* yielded under the Concordat of 1855 by Austria, and the changes made under the recent laws in respect of marriage in that kingdom in particular. I should be very glad if you would also tell us the civil relations of marriage in France and Italy, and indeed in the different countries of Europe, so as to show how the civil power asserts itself in France, and, I believe, in Catholic Italy as well.

I am very glad that in the article referred to you are bold enough to expose the pretensions of Romanism—that equality is a deprivation of her just rights. Nothing short of supremacy over the consciences of men will ever satisfy that cormorant. J. S. P.

256 LIVINGSTON ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 29, 1868.

[The law of the matter is plain as a pikestaff. The second section of the act of 1818 declares:

"That if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, enlist, or enter himself, or hire, or retain another person to enlist or enter himself, or to go beyond the limits of the United States with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of any foreign prince, state, colony, district, or people as a soldier, or as a marine or seaman on board of any vessel of war or letter of marque or privateer, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned not exceeding three years."

The only exception to this rule is the case of foreign men-of-war in our ports, which are permitted to recruit among persons of their own nation temporarily sojourning in this country. It has been decided, however, that it is not a crime to go abroad with the intention of enlisting, or to transport persons with their own consent who have such intention; the crime is in engaging persons here to go abroad with such intention, so that anything the Pope's agents may do here to get recruits for him will be a clear violation of the law. We are glad to see that the Catholic bishops in this country have, as becomes them, formally repudiated all connection with the scheme, and have denounced it and thrown the responsibility of it on the *simulacrum* of a "War Department" which the Vicar of Jesus Christ keeps up in Rome. But the Pope's moral responsibility cannot be got rid of in this way. His generals cannot and are not likely to send out crimps to the ends of the earth to collect recruits without his knowledge or consent.

The Concordat of 1855 was a reversal of the policy which Austria had pursued since the time of Joseph II., who made the clergy almost independent of Rome, at least as far as the law could do it. It not only secured free intercourse between the clergy and the Pope without the intervention of the state, which was reasonable enough, but it secured for the church the right of holding property to any amount of any kind free from state control. It perpetuated tithes wherever they had not been already abolished. It gave the bishops complete control of all schools and colleges both as regarded teachers, books, courses, and discipline. It made marriage a purely religious rite, with the form or consequences or conditions of which the state had nothing to do, and gave the ecclesiastical courts exclusive jurisdiction over all cases of divorce and suits raising questions of legitimacy and the like. The measure caused the most intense exasperation among the people, but this circumstance the clergy treated as of no consequence, and took and kept as long as they could all the power the besotted court chose to give them. In France and Italy marriage is a purely civil contract, entered into before a civil officer, under conditions prescribed by the code. The religious ceremony the parties add afterward or not, as they please. It does not in any way affect the validity of the contract.—ED. NATION.]



## THE AGRICULTURAL PROSPECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The very startling figures of your article on the "Financial Prospect" are incontrovertible. Nothing remains to us but to accept them, and enquire after the causes which are producing effects so humbling to our pride and depressing to our hopes.

Some of the causes are certainly indicated by the fact that so many young men are leaving agricultural pursuits, and crowding, to excess, all the avenues to professional and mercantile life. This process is going on with remarkable activity, even in those portions of the country where undeveloped agricultural resources are most abundant, and where agriculture is certainly more profitable than any other branch of industry. What malign causes are at work among us to produce such a state of things is worthy of most serious enquiry.

I cannot help believing that the unstable and fluctuating character of our currency is exerting a good deal of influence in this direction. It encourages the hope of stepping into a fortune without labor, by a few lucky speculations; and thus fosters a gambling spirit, which is most unfriendly to regular industry in any laborious occupation. Society has been in a condition to favor and stimulate such a spirit from the very beginning of the late war, and will continue to be so till our standard of value becomes again as unchangeable as a stable currency can make it. This cause is powerful enough, and has been long enough in a state of activity, to produce very disastrous results upon a whole generation of young men.

It is also to be feared that another and perhaps more permanent cause is acting in the same direction. Foreign immigration is constantly furnishing us so many farm laborers that men of American birth and education are strongly tempted to leave the work of the farm to them. The influx of foreigners discountenances and disparages labor, in the estimation of native-born Americans, almost in the same manner as slave labor disparaged and discountenanced the labor of the white man. Neither American men nor women expect or are willing to work as their fathers and mothers did before them.

If this is so, it must, ere long, produce a very disastrous change in our national character. The rapid increase of our wealth, in former years, was largely owing to the fact that the American farmer was at once the laborer and the intelligent, educated landholder. The union of the hard hand and brawny arm of the laborer, the intelligence of the educated man, and the independence of the land-owner, in the same person, constitutes one of the most characteristic features of American life. If causes are at work among us tending to obliterate this characteristic, very serious evil consequences are to be apprehended to every interest of American society. If one of these consequences shall be found to be that our national wealth declines, it will be matter of regret, but not of surprise, to thoughtful men. While we have abolished slavery by a war of almost unprecedented cost, have we not been at the same time, in another direction, producing and perpetuating some of the worst consequences of slavery?

There is a third cause of the decline of our agricultural wealth, perhaps more powerful than either of those which I have named, which I have not room to remark upon. I mean a partial and inequitable system of taxation.

J. M. S.

## HORSES AND BONDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A citizen of this town sold to the Government in 1861 three horses, for which he holds a voucher for four hundred and fifty dollars.

Another citizen in July, 1863, subscribed for and purchased five one hundred dollar five-twenty bonds, gold being then at a premium of, say, \$1 40. Both instruments are silent as to kind of currency. To-day both claims mature. You claim that the Government is bound to pay the one in gold, the other in greenbacks. Why the difference?

Yours truly,

CHARLES M. WALKER.

ADRIAN, MICH., June 26, 1868.

[Did the officers and agents of the Government, high and low, assure the First Citizen when he sold his horses that his vouchers would be redeemed in gold? Did the leading members of Congress, including the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, encourage him and others in open Congress to bring in their horses freely, and hand them over to the quartermaster, with the assurance that they should eventually receive hard cash for them? Was he induced to sell the horses on the faith of representations to the same effect made month

after month in long advertisements in all the papers of the Union, signed by the agents and brokers of the Government, and in editorial articles which these agents caused or procured to be written, and which the loyal editors wrote or published in good faith? If he did, he is on precisely the same footing as the Second Citizen, and anybody who seeks to pay him for his horses against his will in paper, bearing forty per cent. discount, or who advocates and supports such payment, is a person with whom we advise both Citizens to hold no more intercourse than is absolutely necessary. Let us add that it is not at all uncommon to buy horses with promissory notes. We do not approve of the practice; but it exists. All kinds of goods are purchased in the same way; but when and where has Mr. Walker heard of anybody who seriously proposed to redeem interest-bearing bonds payable at a certain date by a promissory note payable at no particular time, and bearing no interest?—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

MR. JAMES MILLER announces the publication, from advance sheets, of Rev. Henry Kingsley's "Stretton."—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. intend issuing, under the general title of Lippincott's "Boys' Globe Library," a series of the standard books of adventure in the torrid, frigid, and temperate zones, of expeditions against the carnivora and other sections of the animal kingdom, of deeds of bravery and chivalry, and so on, through the list of things in which boys take delight. "Sanford and Merton" is to begin the series, and is to be immediately followed by "Robinson Crusoe." Among Lippincott & Co.'s republications to come, are Tallack's "George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists;" a third edition of "A Handbook of Average (brought down to the present time, and including Spence's Union Insurance Company)," by Manley Hopkins; Chavasse's "Advice to a Wife on the Management of her own Health," etc.; Professor Wilhelm Lubke's "History of Art," as translated by Miss F. E. Bunnett; and "Greater Britain," by Mr. Wentworth Dilke, who was in this country with Mr. W. H. Dixon.—Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce "Chikkin Hazard," the very amusing travesty on "Foul Play" which has been appearing in *Punch*, and a translation of a German work, "Free Soil," by Karl Trenzel.—W. J. Widdleton will publish Doctor Doran's "Saints and Sinners," and I. Disraeli's "Literary Character of Men of Genius."—Roberts Brothers will issue, as two volumes of the "Handy Volume Series," Shennstone's "Essays on Men and Manners," and Miss M. B. Edwards's "Doctor Jacob." Two other works announced by the same house are "The Prodigal Son," which consists of four sermons by the Rev. Morley Punshon, and "The Nature of the Atonement, and its Relation to the Remission of Sin and Eternal Life."—J. C. Garrigues & Co. announce "The Teacher's Guide to Palestine," containing a Complete List of the Names of all the Cities of Palestine, their Historical Interest and Scriptural Associations." It is prepared by Mr. Henry S. Osborn.

—Professor Max Müller has recently written a note to Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. which disposes of a report that perhaps has been current here, although we have heard nothing of it, to the effect that he intended coming to this country and while here would deliver lectures. For the reason set forth in the note we copy what the distinguished professor says in reference to the matter: "I have received several invitations to lecture in the United States. I suppose some mistake has occurred. A colleague of mine, Professor Goldwin Smith, intends to visit the United States. My professional work at Oxford makes it impossible for me to absent myself from England long enough to give a course of lectures in the United States. Perhaps a short notice in the American papers would save trouble to the presidents or secretaries of the colleges or institutes who are writing to me on the subject. Much as I should like to visit the United States, I should feel that, as a lecturer on language and religion, I was carrying coals to Newcastle, considering how many excellent lecturers on those subjects you possess in America."

—The late decision of the House of Lords in regard to copyright begins already to affect the dealings of English publishing houses with our American houses and American authors. We hear of two London firms that have recently made offers which would not have been made if the Lords had not decided that books published in Great Britain before publication elsewhere are exclusively the property of the author or his repre-

representatives, whether written and owned by British subjects or by foreigners. Of these proposals, one is made to a New York firm which does a heavy publishing business. It covers the whole list of their publications; that it will be accepted is not yet certain. The other offer was made to a lady of this city who has written a successful book for children, and is asked to write another. Let us say to such of our national legislators as desire "a truly American literature" that probably the lady in question will not write the worse because she knows that her book will be sold on both sides of the Atlantic, and will not be stolen on either side. And no one will say that the better she writes, the more un-American she will be.

—The *Indiana School Journal* for July lays down and establishes by statistics three propositions in regard to female teachers: 1st (what is very natural), That the older States employ more than the new; 2d, That in every State their ratio increases from year to year; 3d, That the cities especially show a very large excess of them—the older the greater. The tendency being very clear, the editor concludes that it is idle to oppose the employment of female teachers, even if it were desirable to do so, which he is far from thinking. The facts might suggest, however, quite other reflections. We believe that women as teachers have done less service on the side of education than of discipline, in which they have manifested a decided superiority over men both as to means and results. They could not govern by force, and they have governed without it; but they would probably not have had the chance if they had not consented to work for smaller wages than men. We are not disposed to deny the female teacher "her patience, her self-sacrifice, her quick sympathies, her warm affections, her deep devotion to her work," and to admire "often her admirable success in that work." But all these useful and, in some measure or other, indispensable qualities, are combined in the great majority of instances with very limited attainments and intellectual development, not to speak of temptations, from which men are exempt, to quit the profession at the earliest opportunity. The virtual monopoly by women of teaching in all the primary grades is therefore, perhaps, not wholly to be regarded with complacency; and although it certainly distinguishes American institutions from those of any other country that provides for popular instruction—notably from the Prussian school system—it ought not to be accepted as the equivalent of a service upon which each member enters for life, with a high degree of scholarly preparation, and sustained by the certainty of an honorable retirement with a pension when age shall have rendered him incapable of teaching any longer. Viewed in this light, the statistics referred to furnish one of the most forcible arguments for the higher education of all our women—using, we may say, that term in its widest acceptance.

—The *Florence Diritto*, a democratic paper with decided anti-Garibaldian leanings, declares that the chief fault of the press of Italy is its habit of discussing not principles but persons. It eschews study, the *Diritto* truly says, and sets little store by thought, and devotes itself to the easier labor of abusing this man and lauding that; the substance of things it shows a wonderful unwillingness to touch. The *Diritto* proposes, then, in order that this bad state of things may come to an end, that all the journalists of the kingdom should meet in convention and frame a set of rules for the securing of journalistic courtesy and fair play. The covenanters are to be put upon their honor not to disobey the provisions of the code thus made and adopted. No such rules will ever do much towards keeping journalists in order, and we fancy their practical effect among the Italian editors would hardly be more than this, that editorial duels, whether with pens or other weapons, would become considerably more frequent than they are now, a new field for wrangling being added to the arena already at their disposal. As was recently pointed out in these columns, Italy has so very few readers that very few of the journals are anything more than the organ of some one of the all but innumerable cliques into which Italian politicians are divided. The journalist there does not throw himself upon the general public, write to please them, and decline to be owned by a party or a set—probably he would starve if he tried to do so—he is hired to fight for some leader. Under such circumstances it is easy for journalism, even when it represents a leader who represents a great principle, to be personal and undignified. We all know that infinitely too much of the same thing is to be seen among us, and how it affects the character of our press we know. There is a kindred thing observed often among the smaller papers of the remoter districts, though by no means always among them only, which is highly amusing—not less amusing, we take it, to the fierce "gentlemen of the quill" themselves, when they consider of it, than to the distant spectator. We refer to the "dog-eat-dog" terms on which the rural editor is apt to live with his brethren. Never is he so vivacious in manner, so bold and full of

glad activity, so efficacious, as when he has it in hand to expose the political, moral, social, even physical, deformities and shortcomings of "the knight of the scissors" who keeps the shop over the way. And in his less vigorous moments, when he declines battle and allows himself rest, his eye is still filled to a most remarkable extent with the doings of his kind. Next in importance to the political movements of the statesmen of his own party and the low demagogues of the other, he seems to estimate the activities of other editors like himself and journals like his own. We are in the habit of looking at dozens—we were going to say hundreds—of newspapers which are entirely made up of attacks on other papers, news about other papers, or "conveyings" from other papers. Most of it is done in good humor, however, and much of a carnage-lover and cannibal as he seems to be, the editor, small or great, at heart is generally at peace with the whole fraternity.

—There is a custom which we have observed in this State, in New Jersey, and in Pennsylvania, but nowhere in New England, among builders, of fastening a bush or small tree to the ridge-pole of a new house as soon as the rafters are raised. The last instance we noticed was of a ferry-house on the North River—a building far removed in sentiment from the home-dwelling with which, we suppose, the custom originated. In Switzerland, we believe, the same practice prevails. In an illustration to Uhland's "Zimmerspruch" which we find in the *Familien-Zeitung*, the roof is decked not with a bush, but with an elaborate dome of evergreen garlands, while an extemporized rustic quartette accompanies with music the master's invocation of God's blessing on the house yet open to rain and sunshine. The paper whose title we have quoted began to be published in this city on the 1st of June (Francis Hart & Co., 63 Cortlandt Street, and L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay Street), promising to appear fortnightly at the low price of six cents a number. The form is a sixteen-page quarto, and the first two numbers are very attractive in typography and in the illustrations, which are quite numerous. The prospectus foreshadows a paper of the same kind with those transatlantic publications which reach so wide a circulation in this country, made up mostly of stories, and more or less profuse in illustrations; but special pains will be taken to reproduce the best works of the authors and painters of the Fatherland. Accordingly portraits and biographical sketches are here given of Caspar Braun and Karl von Enhuber, artists scarcely known to the American public. There is also a wood engraving after E. Bosch, of Düsseldorf, who has tried to paint Oliver Twist learning bad ways in Fagan's den; but Fagan looks like a benevolent grandfather watching a game of blind-man's buff. Other engravings deal with current events, accidents, trials, street life, etc., etc. For a family journal the *Zeitung* makes rather a bad start in printing, as its first "editorial," an article on life insurance, and a thrilling story that runs through the first two numbers, and turns upon life insurance. We have in dubious connection with these a full-page advertisement of a well-known company of this city. In a more conspicuous place is an advertisement of a quack medicine.

—The Rev. Dr. Robert Vaughan, editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, and formerly Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the University of London, is recently dead. He was a very diligent worker, and produced a considerable number of works, chiefly historical, which ensure respect for his abilities and a certain degree of permanence for his name. Though a Nonconformist, and affiliated with the Liberal party in England, he took strong sides in his *Review* against the North in our late struggle; and when he visited this country, in 1866, was severely dealt with for his unfriendliness by Chaplain Quint, at the Congregational Council. He was at least seventy years of age when he died.

—A curious controversy has arisen in Berlin, owing to the declaration of Mr. Knak, a very orthodox member of the Synod, that he believed the earth stood still, and that the sun moved round it. This very unscientific doctrine finds its counterpart, to go no further back, in the edict of the first Alexander of Russia, that geology should not be so taught in the universities as to be inconsistent with the Book of Genesis. Mr. Knak, however, has a less tractable following than the Emperor, and no sooner had he made his remarkable delivery in the Synod than the agitation which had been for some time going on against the orthodox majority of that body broke out into a meeting in the Town-hall—into two meetings, attended by many eminent literary and scientific men, at which letters were read from Professor Raumer and President Lette. These resulted in a declaration which "concludes with the statement that the Holy Scriptures are the book of religious life, and not intended to give information respecting the laws of nature;" and that *appur si muove*. To make sure of a fact so jealously guarded since Galileo's day, a hundred professors, academicians, schoolmasters, etc., subscribed to the declaration. It is said that the



protest will not stop here, but is likely to raise the question of the influence of the clergy upon the schools.

—Two new weekly papers that have arisen in Paris under the new press law are to be styled the *Electeur* and the *Tribune*. The former is one of the names which has been slighted in this country, and the latter may or may not have been borrowed from Mr. Greeley's paper. MM. Jules Favre and Picard are the best-known names on the staff of the *Electeur*. A correspondent of the *Daily News* expresses some doubt as to the success of journals to which leading orators of the Corps Législatif contribute, and believes that these men will not long be content to repeat—and we should be disposed to add, to anticipate—their speeches in articles under their own signature. In France, however, the natural opposition between tongue and pen is perhaps less general than in any other country; and M. Eugène Pelletan, who is to write for the *Tribune*, is an instance of a deputy who passes from the Chamber to the printing-office, and back again to his bench, with no loss of power or of reputation. His acutest collaborateur is M. Glais-Bizoin, whose forte as a deputy consists in sharp interjections and queries when ministers are on their feet. In the same company appears Gen. Cluseret, who, since his return to France, has been writing for the *Courrier Français*. His checkered career while in this country is not yet forgotten: how he started the *New Nation* in the interest of Gen. Frémont, with whom he presently quarrelled irretrievably; how he kept a famous account-current with Gen. Grant from the Wilderness down, which the Democrats will do well to unearth, along with the editor's prophecies; and how he ended by turning Fenian, as the best opportunity of employing his military genius and making it recognized, and was to have commanded a Fenian force in Ireland. The *Tribune* has received permission to be sold in the streets while opposing the Government.

### THE EARTHLY PARADISE.\*

THIS new volume of Mr. Morris is, we think, a book for all time; but it is especially a book for these ripening summer days. To sit in the open shade, inhaling the heated air, and, while you read these perfect fairy tales, these rich and pathetic human traditions, to glance up from your page at the clouds and the trees, is to do as pleasant a thing as the heart of man can desire. Mr. Morris's book abounds in all the sounds and sights and sensations of nature, in the warmth of the sunshine, the murmur of forests, and the breath of ocean-scented breezes. The fulness of physical existence which belongs to climates where life is spent in the open air, is largely diffused through its pages:

"Hot July was drawing to an end,  
And August came the fainting year to mend  
With fruit and grain; so 'neath the trellises,  
Nigh blossomless, did they lie well at ease,  
And watched the poppies burn across the grass,  
And o'er the bindweed's bells the brown bee pass,  
Still murmuring of his gains; windless and bright  
The morn had been, to help their dear delight.  
Then a light wind arose  
That shook the light stems of that flowery close,  
And made men sigh for pleasure."

This is a random specimen. As you read, the fictitious universe of the poem seems to expand and advance out of its remoteness, to surge musically about your senses, and merge itself utterly in the universe which surrounds you. The summer brightness of the real world goes half-way to meet it; and the beautiful figures which throb with life in Mr. Morris's stories pass lightly to and fro between the realm of poetry and the mild atmosphere of fact. This quality was half the charm of the author's former poem, "The Life and Death of Jason," published last summer. We seemed really to follow, beneath the changing sky, the fantastic boatload of wanderers in their circuit of the ancient world. For people compelled to stay at home, the perusal of the book in a couple of mornings was very nearly as good as a fortnight's holiday. The poem appeared to reflect so clearly and forcibly the poet's natural sympathies with the external world, and his joy in personal contact with it, that the reader obtained something very like a sense of physical transposition, without either physical or intellectual weariness. This ample and direct presentment of the joys of action and locomotion seems to us to impart to these two works a truly national and English tone. They taste not perhaps of the English soil, but of those strong English sensibilities which the great insular race carry with them through their wanderings, which they preserve and apply with such energy in every terrestrial clime, and which make them such incomparable travellers. We heartily recommend such persons as have a desire to accommodate their reading to the season—as are vexed with a delicate longing to

place themselves intellectually in relation with the genius of the summer—to take this "Earthly Paradise" with them to the country.

The book is a collection of tales in verse—found, without exception, we take it, rather than imagined, and linked together, somewhat loosely, by a narrative prologue. The following is the "argument" of the prologue—already often enough quoted, but pretty enough, in its ingenious prose, to quote again:

"Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and, after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came old men to some Western land, of which they had never before heard: there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people."

The adventures of these wanderers, told by one of their number, Rolf the Norseman, born at Byzantium—a happy origin for the teller of a heroic tale, as the author doubtless felt—make, to begin with, a poem of considerable length, and of a beauty superior perhaps to that of the succeeding tales. An admirable romance of adventure has Mr. Morris unfolded in the melodious energy of this half-hurrying, half-lingering narrative—a romance to make old hearts beat again with the boyish longing for transmarine mysteries, and to plunge boys themselves into a delicious agony of unrest. The story is a tragedy, or very near it—as what story of the search for an Earthly Paradise could fail to be? Fate reserves for the poor storm-tossed adventurers a sort of fantastic compromise between their actual misery and their ideal bliss, whereby a kindly warmth is infused into the autumn of their days, and to the reader, at least, a very tolerable Earthly Paradise is laid open. The elders and civic worthies of the western land which finally sheltered them summon them every month to a feast, where, when all grosser desires have been duly pacified, the company sit at their ease and listen to the recital of stories. Mr. Morris gives in this volume the stories of the six midmonths of the year, two tales being allotted to each month—one from the Greek mythology, and one, to express it broadly, of a Gothic quality. He announces a second series in which, we infer, he will in the same manner give us the stories rehearsed at the winter fireside. The Greek stories are the various histories of Atalanta, of Perseus, of Cupid and Psyche, of Alcestis, of Atys, the hapless son of Ceresus, and of Pygmalion. The companion pieces, which always serve excellently well to place in relief the perfect pagan character of their elder mates, deal of course with elements less generally known.

"Atalanta's Race," the first of Mr. Morris's Greek legends, is to our mind almost the best. There is something wonderfully simple and child-like in the story, and the author has given it ample dignity, at the same time that he has preserved this quality. Most vividly does he present the mild invincibility of his fleet-footed heroine and the half-boyish simplicity of her demeanor—a perfect model of a *belle inhumaine*. But the most beautiful passage in the poem is the description of the vigil of the love-sick Milanion in the lonely sea-side temple of Venus. The author has conveyed with exquisite art the sense of devout stillness and of pagan sanctity which invests this remote and prayerful spot. The yellow torch-light,

"Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb  
The temple damsels sung their evening hymn;"

the sound of the shallow-flowing sea without, the young man's restless sleep on the pavement, besprinkled with the ocean spray, the apparition of the goddess with the early dawn, bearing the golden apple—all these delicate points are presented in the light of true poetry. The narrative of the adventures of Danaë and of Perseus and Andromeda is, with the exception of the tale of Cupid and Psyche which follows it, the longest piece in the volume. Of the two, we think we prefer the latter. Unutterably touching is the career of the tender and helpless Psyche, and most impressive the terrible hostility of Venus. The author, we think, throughout manages this lady extremely well. She appears to us in a sort of rosy dimness, through which she looms as formidable as she is beautiful, and gazing with "gentle eyes and unmoved smile,"

"Such as in Cyprus, the fair-blossomed isle,  
When on the altar in the summer night  
They pile the roses up for her delight,  
Men see within their hearts."

"The Love of Alcestis" is the beautiful story of the excellent wife who, when her husband was ill, gave up her life, so that he might recover and live for ever. Half the interest here, however, lies in the servitude of Apollo in disguise, and in the touching picture of the radiant god doing in perfection the homely work of his office, and yet from time to time emitting flashes, as it were, of genius and deity, while the good Admetus observes him half in kindness and half in awe. The story of the "Son of Ceresus," the poor young man who is slain by his best friend because the gods had foredoomed it, is simple, pathetic, and brief. The finest and sweetest poem

\* "The Earthly Paradise: A Poem. By William Morris, author of 'The Life and Death of Jason.'" Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868.

in the volume, to our taste, is the tale of "Pygmalion and the Image." The merit of execution is perhaps not appreciably greater here than in the other pieces, but the legend is so unutterably charming that it claims precedence of its companions. As beautiful as anything in all our later poetry, we think, is the description of the growth and dominance in the poor sculptor's heart of his marvellous passion for the stony daughter of his hands. Borne along on the steady, changing flow of his large and limpid verse, the author glides into the situation with an ease and grace and fulness of sympathy worthy of a great master. Here, as elsewhere, there is no sign of effort or of strain. In spite of the studied and *recherché* character of his diction, there is not a symptom of affectation in thought or speech. We seem in this tale of "Pygmalion" truly to inhabit the bright and silent workroom of a great Greek artist, and, standing among shapes and forms of perfect beauty, to breathe the incense-tainted air in which lovely statues were conceived and shining stones chiselled into immortality. Mr. Morris is indubitably a sensuous poet, to his credit be it said; his senses are constantly proffering their testimony and crying out their delight. But while they take their freedom, they employ it in no degree to their own debasement. Just as there is modesty of temperament we conceive there is modesty of imagination, and Mr. Morris possesses the latter distinction. The total absence of it is, doubtless, the long and short of Mr. Swinburne's various troubles. We may imagine Mr. Swinburne making a very clever poem of this story of "Pygmalion," but we cannot fancy him making it anything less than utterly disagreeable. The thoroughly agreeable way in which Mr. Morris tells it is what especially strikes us. We feel that his imagination is equally fearless and irreproachable, and that while he tells us what we may call a sensuous story in all its breadth, he likewise tells it in all its purity. It has, doubtless, an impure side; but of the two he prefers the other. While Pygmalion is all aglow with his unanswered passion, he one day sits down before his image:

"And at the last drew forth a book of rhymes,  
Wherein were writ the tales of many climes,  
And read aloud the sweetness hid therein  
Of lovers' sorrows and their tangled sin."

He reads aloud to his marble torment: would Mr. Swinburne have touched that note?

We have left ourselves no space to describe in detail the other series of tales—"The Man born to be King," "The Proud King," "The Writing on the Image," "The Lady of the Land," "The Watching of the Falcon," and "Ogier the Dane." The author in his "Jason" identified himself with the successful treatment of Greek subjects to such a degree as to make it easy to suppose that these matters were the specialty of his genius. But in these romantic modern stories the same easy power is revealed, the same admirable union of natural gifts and cultivated perceptions. Mr. Morris is evidently a poet in the broad sense of the word—a singer of human joys and sorrows, whenever and wherever found. His somewhat artificial diction, which would seem to militate against our claim that his genius is of the general and comprehensive order, is, we imagine, simply an achievement of his own. It is not imposed from without, but developed from within. Whatever may be said of it, it certainly will not be accused of being unpoetical; and except this charge, what serious one can be made? The author's style—according to our impression—is neither Chaucerian, Spenserian, nor imitative; it is literary, indeed, but it has a freedom and irregularity, an adaptability to the movements of the author's mind, which make it an ample vehicle of poetical utterance. He says in this language of his own the most various and the most truthful things; he moves, melts, and delights. Such, at least, is our own experience. Other persons, we know, find it difficult to take him entirely *au sérieux*. But we, taking him—and our critical duties too—in the most serious manner our mind permits of, feel strongly impelled, both by gratitude and by reflection, to pronounce him a noble and delightful poet. To call a man healthy nowadays is almost an insult—invalids learn so many secrets. But the health of the intellect is often promoted by physical disability. We say therefore, finally, that however the faculty may have been promoted—with the minimum of suffering, we certainly hope—Mr. Morris is a supremely healthy writer. This poem is marked by all that is broad and deep in nature, and all that is elevating, profitable, and curious in art.

#### BIGELOW'S FRANKLIN.\*

APPARENTLY Mr. William Temple Franklin was an early but well-developed specimen of the Cultivated American Gentleman, as we were wont to meet him in the marginal notes to articles in old English reviews. He

\* "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited from his Manuscript, with Notes and an Introduction. By John Bigelow." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

used to hold "a recent conversation" with the reviewers, in which he deprecated the melancholy spirit of mob violence rampant in "The States." He had found it impossible to engage in politics in this country, because, had he attempted to do so, it would have been first necessary to submit himself in every way—socially, morally, intellectually—to the tyranny of the majority. Popular favor over here was to be secured only by slavish subserviency to the crude opinions of a herd which no man of education and refinement could respect. The Americans in general—the reviewer was compelled to believe after conversing with him, and extremely sorry he was to say so—were definitively opposed to the marriage relation, to the payment of taxes, to the stated preaching of the Gospel, except by the most ungrammatical persons, and to the wearing by anybody of any apparel not composed of undressed con-skins. They worshipped nothing but money, for the acquisition of which idol they would do anything. For example, the right-ful owner of the soil—the untutored Indian—in order that he might sign away all his lands, was frequently intoxicated with rum by the Federal Congress, and then was exposed to the contagion of the small-pox, and goaded into a declaration of war against his cold-blooded and more scientific neighbor. In short, if the reviewer had not been misinformed, several millions of people of English blood, having crossed the Atlantic, or having been born on the western side of that ocean, had utterly lost their respect and liking for intellect and for character, and developed a besotted fondness for mental and moral worthlessness, and an affection for the scum of Europe.

William Franklin, the son of the philosopher and the father of Temple Franklin, was never a loyalist; on the contrary, he was the last royalist governor of New Jersey, was imprisoned by Congress on account of his activity in opposition, and after the war lived and died in the mother country as a government pensioner. His son, so far as he took sides, was with his grandfather and the republicans; not, however, in perfect contentment. He thought the government had treated him unjustly; that he ought to have been sent abroad in a diplomatic capacity. So on his grandfather's decease, in 1790, he betook himself to England to his father, and was ever afterward as good an Englishman as being a soured American could make him. He had in his charge most of Benjamin Franklin's papers, and, among the rest, the manuscript of the famous "Autobiography." This he withheld from the public for more than a quarter of a century. There is a theory that he was bribed to this course by the British ministry, who were afraid of revelations from Franklin as to the secret history of the American war. The charge was more than once brought against him in his lifetime, and his indignant denial had small effect in disposing people to disbelieve it. Mr. Bigelow, though he does not formally adopt it, is inclined, apparently, to think it correct, and he adds something of importance to the evidence previously before us. He discovers in one of Temple Franklin's letters, written in England in 1791, a statement that he had just then received seven thousand pounds sterling, from some unnamed source and for a reason which was never made known. It is not unnatural to infer that probably this sudden sum of money was the consideration which moved young Franklin to make his surprising delay of twenty-six or twenty-seven years in publishing a work that adds so much to the honor of his name. It may, however, be an incorrect inference; we are inclined to think that it is. It is very likely that neither William Franklin nor his son was at all convinced that the "Autobiography" would add greatly to the honor of their name; that it would be for their best interests in English society to publish the story in which the great philosopher Franklin, the very ingenious Doctor Franklin, the profound statesman "qui eripuit fulmen cœlo sceptrumque tyrannis," and so forth, appears as a runaway apprentice, as a journeyman printer, as the son of a poor and dissenting mechanic, as bound in wedlock to a woman who, it was reasonably believed, had another husband knocking about the world somewhere—who, in short, to say the best of it, was a very unaristocratic progenitor to be acknowledged as an immediate ancestor by a gentleman who had been his Excellency the Governor, and had been widely pitied as a person who had been driven from a country where the mob had risen against their betters. William Franklin died in 1813, and we, for our part, imagine that had he lived four years longer we should have had no edition so early as "the edition of 1817." Then again, in considering the question of Temple Franklin's bribery, it must be borne in mind that the manuscript autobiography was by no means all of his grandfather's works that he had in his hands; there is no certainty that others of Franklin's papers may not have been dangerous, and may not have been purchased. It is hardly to be supposed that the British ministry gave pounds sterling by the seven thousand for the suppression of a work which they had not examined; it is no more to be supposed, we should say, that George the Third himself,



had he been the examiner, would have recommended the outlay of more than sixpence or a shilling for the suppression of this particular work. It has no secret history in it, a good half of it was already in print in France, and it stops short in 1757, nearly twenty years before the War of the Revolution, and eight or ten years before the troubles began.

It must be remembered, too, that even if the publication of Franklin's memoirs had been laid on William Franklin and his son as a duty, it very likely would not have been regarded by them as a sacred duty. Judging from the "Autobiography," family affection among the prudent Franklins in general was not specially strong; and as to the particular case of William and his father, and Temple and his grandfather, we know that between the former pair there had been estrangement which lasted for years, and, indeed, never came to an end till the father's death ended it; and that young Temple is to be suspected of lukewarmness in affection, to say the least of it. William Franklin's disagreement with his father and his natural authority with Temple Franklin, who naturally let a live father weigh more with him than a dead grandfather—these things, and an unwillingness to make more manifest than could not be helped their ancestor's vulgarity in point of birth, and the course of his early life, seem to make the supposition of British gold unnecessary to account for the fact that it was not till 1817 that we had an authorized edition, and that when we did get it, it had been tampered with and made vastly more genteel than the author left it. "To William Franklin, Governor of New Jersey," the edition of 1817 begins. "Dear Son," without any title, was what the doctor wrote. "I was not a little surprised," the autograph reads in another place, "and Keimer stared like a pig poisoned." Keimer does nothing so ill-bred in the family edition—"Keimer stared with astonishment." Twelve hundred alterations the editor saw fit to make, all of them in the interest of polish and gentility, so that we may say that Mr. Bigelow has given us the "Autobiography" for the first time. It should be said to the credit of Temple Franklin, who, we dare say, was much tempted to do it, that he altered none of the facts of the story. He was culpably negligent and indifferent, however; his conduct as editor is very well reconcilable with the supposition that his grandfather had inspired him with little affection, and is hardly reconcilable with any other supposition. His twelve hundred alterations he must have made in the proof; the manuscript we should say that he had never carefully read, or, at any rate, that he had pretty thoroughly forgotten it. When, at last, he came to the point of printing, he begged M. Le Veillard—a French friend for whom Franklin had had made a copy, which Le Veillard kept with reverential care—to exchange copies with him—his reason being that the printer into whose hands he had put the original itself found Franklin's handwriting hard to make out—and M. Le Veillard's copy he made the basis of the authorized, Franklin family edition, although the least examination would have shown him that the original which he treated so lightly contained eight highly interesting pages, which Le Veillard's wanted.

Luckily, Mr. Bigelow, when in France as American minister, became aware of the existence of the Le Veillard manuscript, and succeeded in purchasing it. He has published it with a pleasant introduction; and, as we have said, has given us the "Autobiography" complete in English for the first time. The edition of 1817 was, as we have seen, defective in two ways—by senseless "improvements" in the text and by omissions—and the other editions in English followed that one, or else followed a translation of an early French edition which brought the memoirs down no farther than to 1730.

So much for this new edition, in which, for the first time, we get all that Franklin wrote, and all as he wrote it. Of the memoirs themselves—which are Franklin himself—it is late in the day to be saying anything. It is not only late, but nothing, perhaps, would be harder. To criticise it thoroughly, is to go to the bottom of things—to answer jesting Pilate and to find the *summum bonum*. From the beginning of the world till now, mankind divides into two classes, of which you may say that one are natural-born lovers and believers, and the other are natural-born haters and despisers of this "Autobiography." Is religion the policing of society, or is it more? Is the ideal the only real, or is it a more or less hateful delusion? What is God? The men "diligent in business"—of clear heads due to good digestions consequent on sagacious feeding—who finally "stand before princes" according to the text, are these the children of whom Wisdom is justified, or are they servants, not heirs? In short, is this world the be-all and the end-all and is "the beautiful regularity of Philadelphia" the be-all and the end-all of this world, or is the teacher who makes it so to be reviled as a hog of Epicurus's sty? It is as men answer these questions that they extol or abase Poor Richard. In fact, there are disciples who incline toward acceptance of the general doctrines of which our Philadelphia philosopher has fairly enough been made the representative, who yet yield him only a

qualified fealty, and have helped as much as some of his natural enemies to keep his fame down. It is not given to the mass of mankind, only to one here and there, they say, to be "earthly" without fulfilling the whole of the scripture which reads "earthly, sensual, devilish." The earthiness of Mr. Parton's "greatest of Americans," unaccompanied by his weight of brain, is the mud and mire in which the race has been stalled since Adam, and which it is the labor of prophets, priests, poets, the poor metaphysician, and other non-producers, to lighten and brighten; and it would bother all the saints—of Positivism, we were going to say—of M. Comte's old age to "inform the clay" of more than a few of us if they had no more than a spark from Saint Franklin's easily accessible heavens.

Still, there is need of no quarrel between the disciples and the scoffers. Or, in the golden age, there will be no need. And Franklin will then get his due of praise as the most common-sensible of men in a world not ripe yet for pure common sense, and which, when it is ripe for that, as that is now known to us, will be ripe for something better. For "common sense" is in the nature of a means to an end, and how to attain that end perhaps Marcus Aurelius and others will teach us better than our good-natured, strong-bodied, strong-headed Philadelphia *philosophe*. But even now there is no great need of quarrel. It ought to be quite possible, we suppose, for Mr. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, to agree with Mr. Bigelow when he frames a wish for "the rising generation of Americans" that they may "study the lessons of humility, economy, industry, toleration, charity, and patriotism which are made so captivating in this 'Autobiography.'" The transcendentalist, when he sees the world sinking into base prosperity, and feeding fat under the shrines of the housekeeping gods, may comfort himself with the remarks of his own Saadi concerning the relation between the manure and the roses. "The intelligent are aware," says Saadi, "that the zeal of devotion is made warmer by good fare, and the sincerity of piety rendered more serene in a nicety of vesture: for he that is poor is well-nigh being an infidel;" and it will be a sad day for loathed materialism when we all have walked with Poor Richard far enough to have got ahead of the world.

#### ARKISM.\*

MR. LESLEY delivered his course of lectures on "Man's Origin"—we omit the following two words of the title-page, which the author also ought to have omitted—in the winter of 1865-6. Two years passed before they were committed to print. In the meanwhile, new discoveries in archaeology had been made, which demanded numerous changes in the text, additions and omissions, and, in fact, the sacrifice of "the simplicity of the original arrangement." "Portions of the book," therefore, now "take on the aspect of detailed discussion, suitable only to a scientific memoir, while other portions retain their original character of bird's-eye view." Nothing, we further learn from the preface, "beyond a general sketch of the present bearings of science" upon the theme of the lectures was contemplated. "Nothing is closely reasoned out. Much is left to the original instinct, and more to the literary education of the reader."

This preliminary account of the nature and object of his labors is, however, hardly justified by the book itself, which has in reality the tone and air of a treatise *de omni seculi*. There is hardly any subject in the whole field of knowledge on which it does not touch, and not lightly or doubtfully, but with emphasis and confidence. Hardly any of the great problems of science or history are passed over or left in shadow. In fact, we do not think we are doing Mr. Lesley injustice when we say that he leaves little or nothing to either the reader's "original instinct," whatever that may be, or to his literary education. He presents him with a clean-cut theory on nearly every vexed question, whether in geology, palæontology, archaeology, philology, zoölogy, mental and moral philosophy, or, finally, on "Arkism," "the most ancient symbolism of the priesthood," and he unquestionably brings to the work the results of great and varied reading; but we feel bound to say that, although Mr. Lesley's eminence in certain fields of science is well established, he seems in the present undertaking to have put away from him the larger portion of his scientific spirit. We might almost fill a volume with illustrations of what we consider over-confident presentation of doubtful matters, and incorrect presentation of matters which are not at all doubtful, but which Mr. Lesley does not seem to have given himself the trouble to master. In fact, the lectures might pass under the form of rambles among the sciences, by a man of culture and imagination, for the entertainment of a popular audience of limited education in

\* "Man's Origin and Destiny, sketched from the Platform of the Sciences in a Course of Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, in the Winter of 1865-6. By J. P. Lesley, Member of the National Academy of the United States, Secretary of the American Philosophical Society." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

winter evenings, but they are not what a scientific man of Mr. Lesley's standing ought to offer to the world as his sober and revised utterances on a theme so tremendous as "man's origin and destiny."

We cannot, of course, pretend to follow him through all his devious wanderings, or criticize all his assertions and generalizations, particularly as he claims for a large portion of his performance simply the character of a "bird's-eye view." But we will test him on one subject in which he descends into "detailed discussion." The point toward which everything converges in his disquisitions—which he unfolds, develops, and elaborates, following the traces of "the Hebrew Scriptures, of the Talmuds, of the Cabbalists, of the Freemasons, of Jacob Bryant, Harcourt, Davis, and Faber"—is "the system of Arkite symbolism; the religious representation of the ark of Noah, the water on which it floated, the mountain on which it rested, and the man whom it preserved." He is no believer in the deluge—"a phenomenon which we well know to be physically impossible"—but he finds the belief in it spread all over the world; he finds "the worship of the mountain, ship, and flood" embodied in the architectures, Pantheons, and creeds, the names, languages, and literatures, the fables, sagas, and mysteries, the institutions, games, and customs of all continents, countries, and ages. Arkism, he believes, is a key to numberless riddles of ethnology and philology and archaeology, and he looks down with contempt upon the cultivators of those sciences who reject or ignore it. "I do not at all agree," he says, "with the common explanations of the Hindu mythology, as published by Muir, Max Müller, and other Sanscrit scholars. Their theories seem to me to have no system. I think it is because they have no basis. They have not yet the key-note." He almost pities such lexicographers as Gesenius and the "philologists of Professor Whitney's school," who "forget all about the priests," and ignore that element in language which he calls "the bardic element, because it consists of words invented by bards (poet-historians and poet-priests of old times), an element produced by the cultivation of the civilized intellect; an element of religious, moral, and social terminology, which now forms the chief and almost the sole bond of communion between the various languages of the earth." The soul of that element is Arkism. It is well, then, to see some specimens of Mr. Lesley's Arkite expositions, particularly after this cool disposal of Max Müller, Professor Whitney, and other simple-minded philologists.

One of the most ancient sagas of the cyclic poets is the story of Pelops. Tantalus, his father, had two children, Pelops and Niobe, and was in the habit of giving entertainments to the gods, who enjoyed his hospitality. But he blabbed their secrets, and finally cooked the boy, Pelops, and served him as a *bouilli*. The immortals found it out after eating Pelops' shoulder off, and sent Tantalus to hell, where he stands up to his lips in water, but unable to quench his raging thirst, and with a stone hanging over his head constantly threatening to crush him. Pelops, on the other hand, had an ivory shoulder put in by Mercury, and was taken charge of by Neptune, who finally restored him to his father's throne, and his descendants reigned at Argos. Niobe, the sister, had her children killed by Diana, was turned into a stone, and now sits in monumental misery on the top of a mountain in Phrygia. This story, Mr. Lesley asserts, is the counterpart to the Biblical legend of Noah and Mount Ararat, and this is how he proves it:

"Tantalus represents the TOR, or mountain, submerged to its very lips. The stone above his head is the ark about to touch the mountain-top. Tantalus is in Tartarus; is, in fact, the same as Tartarus, the place of Torture, the cavern in the mountain, the home of mysteries and horrors and woes, the hölle, hole, or hell of the Germanic nations. Niobe, the daughter of the mountain, is again the ark, turned to stone; her name, Niob, is the Egyptian word *neḥ*, the ark of Osiris, and the Hebrew word *Theba*, Noah's ark. The Greek TAURUS, a mountain, is the Arabic TEL or TOL, a mountain. But the Shemitic nations wrote all their words backward, from right to left, and so this word TOL becomes LOT, whose wife (her name is nowhere given) was also turned, like Niobe, to stone. Pelops, Niobe's brother, was the Noah of the story. First, his father offered him up to the gods, as the Brahma of the Hebrews offered up his son Iksvaca (Isaac). Neptune, or the rising deluge, carried him up in the golden car (the ark) to the top of Olympus, until his father was destroyed, that is, until the Ararat was sunk to his very lips in the hell of waters. Then he was restored. His descendants reigned in Argos; they were priests of Arkism. He himself became the divinity of the TOR, the city of Troy," and so on, *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

Here we see Tan-tal-us represents the mountain of the ark, because "tel and tel" is "the Arabic for mountain." But tel, and not tol, is the Arabic for mountain, and our author puts in "tol" of his own mere motion, merely to bring about a greater resemblance to tor, which, he says, is the Phœnician word for "mountain," a supposition which he probably bases on the name "Tyre" (Hebrew *Tzor*), compared with the Chaldee *tur*, mountain.

Tantalus thus represents the mountain, because tel is the Arabic word for mountain. But "Tantalus is in Tartarus; is, in fact, the same as Tartarus." And what is "Tartarus"? Why, "the place of tor-ture," to be sure. Now, non-Arkite philologists have always supposed that torture came from the Latin *torqueo*, to twist or wrench, but the error may give them a faint idea how much they have to learn.

What part does Niobe play in this interpretation? Our readers will be surprised to learn that she also is "the ark," sharing that honor with the stone which overhangs Tantalus's head. Her name, too, we learn from Mr. Lesley, is simply the Hebrew word *teba*—meaning ark in general, and not Noah's only—we suppose because there is the sound *b* in both. Mr. Lesley's discovery that the name Lot is derived from the Arabic tel, a mountain, "because Shemitic nations wrote all their words backward," is something on which we cannot bind ourselves to offer any observations, as it opens up a field to philological enquirers such as few of them have certainly ever dreamt of. We have always known that Eastern nations wrote from right to left, but the assertion that the Shemitic people "wrote their words backward" is the greatest contribution made to this field of science since the discovery of Sanscrit. Nay, psychologists may examine the phenomenon with no small profit.

Pelops was the Noah of the story, his father serving him up to the gods as a ragout, just as Abraham—a descendant of Noah—offered up his son. Olympus, we read in another passage, was "the Ararat of Europe." It "was called OLIMPOS," corresponding with the "Latin word for formerly or in ancient times . . . OLIM," "with the word ALP," and with "the English word ARM, . . . precisely as the Hebrew dor, an arm, corresponded to the Phœnician tor, and the Arabic tel, a mountain." It is true the word for arm in Hebrew is not dor, but zeroa or ezroa; but the corresponding Chaldee word has a *d* instead of the *z*, which may suffice in Arkite philology. That Pelops' descendants reigned in Argos suffices to declare them priests of Arkism—though the Greek word for ark is *κιβωτος*. That "the Tor" was the city of Troy is proved to us by the name of Hec-tor, "the Lord of the Tor"—though we find tor also in names of enemies of Troy, like Nestor and Mentor. Peloponnesus is designated "Pelops' ship, or Pelops' isle," *νηος* meaning isle—though not ship.

In this way, so much more ingenious and fanciful than ingenuous, Mr. Lesley proceeds throughout his work, etymologizing, mythologizing, and ethnologizing in a most wondrous strain, and piling up conclusions which the overwhelmed critic must decline to examine. Tor, with Ark and Tēb, two words for Noah's vessel, and a few related syllables, are made to explain thousands of things. The Dorians, we thus learn, "were worshippers of the TOR;" "the Doric column is channelled like a mountain with valleys. The Doric channels are the radius descending to the water." The Roman capital was not so named because it was the caput or capital of the city, but because it represented the cap of the tol, "the ship upon the mountain-top;" it being so easy to "identify cap with ship." Druids were men "of the TOR-TREE, i. e., the oak," which was called by the Greeks "the mountain, *δρυς*, TORUS." An altar is "the mountain," "al-tor"—al being the Arabic definite article. The "shaft of the Toric [Doric] column, *στύλη* (sie); the "table, . . . the altar of love (al TOR), the tabor of home life;" the "Stool on which the mother sets her feet;" "Stol . . . the universal Slavonic word for table"—are all derived by our book from tor and tel, so that the *s* is a prefix or denominative sign, and not a radical element of the word, Mr. Lesley wisely omitting to compare such words as Gr. *στοα*, pillar; *ι-στη-μι*, *στη-σω*, to set; Heb. *shith*, to erect, to set, *shath*, pillar; Lat. *sta-re*, to stand, *sed-ere*, to sit, *sta-tuo*, to set, to erect, *sisto*, *statum*, to set; Ger. *steh-en*, to stand, *sitz-en*, to sit, *setz-en*, to set, *stell-en*, to set; Slav. *sta-c*, *sta-ty*, to stand, *sied-zic*, *sidy-ty*, to sit, *stav-ic*, *stav-ity*, to set, *stan*, stand, *stul*, stool, chair; our *stand*, *sit*, *set*, *seat*, etc., in all of which ST is the radical element. "ORACulum is an Arkite thing," and thus not derived from *orare*, as *periculum* from *periri*, or *curriculum* from *currere*. *E-rigere*—unlike *e-ripere*, *e-rumpere*, *di-rigere*, etc.—we are told to consider as Arkite, because "the Latins said ERIgere, as we still say EREct."

The Greek word for dove, *περιστερα*, was both Arkite and Toric, for it signified, says our book, "the βασις of the Tor, the ship of the rock." So is, we are told, the German *Tur-tel-taube* (our turtle-dove), which is so fortunate as to embrace in its syllables the tor, tel, and teb of the Phœnicians, Arabs, and Hebrews, an honor which cannot be claimed by the turtle-shell. The *stil-ted stork*, we learn further, is "the bird of the mystic TOR." "You may see it drawn . . . sitting on a black pyramid" or "BAR-BAR of old Egypt," for "πυραμ is directly convertible into *βαρβαρ*," and "bar-bar-ous"—in Arkite philology—means "pyramidal." Arkite philology also discovers in a Greek *Centaur*, "half man, half horse," a priest of the mountain; in the name of the Swiss, Tell, "a purely Arkite look;" and



another Arkism in the name of Diogenes, the "Goddess (*sic*)-born," who "dogmatized in a tub," which is an Arkite thing.

We are also taught to "recognize in Vishnu the Fish-Noah." (So we might recognize Noah's ark in New-Ark—NU-ARK—and New-York—NEWY-ORK—and the ark of *man* (Chal. *Anash*) in *Ark-ans-as*).

We have mentioned above several intentional inaccuracies. There are others. To make the Hebrew *barzel*, iron, convertible into *Silber*, *silver*, it is (at one place) spelled *bersil* (p. 171). *Sheshai* is rendered SSI to make it resemble *Susim* (p. 148)—which in correct Hebrew is *Zuzim*. That "*Mim* is the Hebrew name for the waters of the sea" (p. 278), is required by the context, but is doubly incorrect; *mayim* is water in general. "*Jehovah*" is changed into "*Ihoua*," to bring about a resemblance to "the Great Hou" (p. 305). In referring to Numbers (xiii. 23), the words "by them" are added to confirm a theory (p. 144). Our Canaan, for the Hebrew *Kanaan*, is spelled *Cainan* for the sake of Cain (p. 358). A "Hebrew name of the jackal, *TAB*," is mentioned in connection with other *tabs* (p. 321), which, if not an invention, is a singular formed from a mistaken plural, *tab-im* for *tan-im*, jackals, the Hebrew non-final *n* resembling the *b* in bad prints. *Oren*, to confirm its correspondence with *urna*, etc., is designated the "tree of which idols were made," though the verse quoted from Isaiah has several names of trees (p. 339). A part of these misrepresentations, however, may possibly be ascribed to the author's scanty knowledge of Hebrew, and Hebrew matters in general, which he treats with exceeding superficiality, whether speaking of Abraham, who is a myth, a Brahma, and yet has a date (p. 283); or of the Mosaic monotheism; or of the "Psalms of David," the age of which he seems entirely to misapprehend; or of Solomon, who appears in various shapes; or of Zoroastrianism in connection with Judaism. But we have no excuse for misstatements like the following: "The poets before Homer and Hesiod were known as cyclic poets" (p. 215); "the earliest of them was called Arctinus." There are others of the same kind, but we have no room for further specifications.

We have only to express once more, in conclusion, our great regret that such a performance should have come from the pen of a scientific man of Mr. Lesley's standing. If it were simply a composition produced by a "belles-lettres scholar," as a *jeu d'esprit*, it might pass; but to have "Man's Origin and Destiny" treated in this way by a Member of the National Academy of the United States and Secretary of the American Philosophical Society, is really too bad.

**Words from the Poets.** Selected by C. M. Vaughan. (London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Pott & Amery. 1868.)—The principle of selection acted on in the compilation of this volume was to select not the consummate flowers of poetry for trained lovers of it, but to take pleasing pieces, "healthy in tone and just in sentiment, elevating in thought, beautiful in expression," capable of interesting the children of English parochial schools and the class of people represented by such pupils. It is very well adapted to that end. Mr. Vaughan has trusted with a wise confidence in

the generally elevating effect of beautiful things, and has no desire to make poetry preach direct sermons. And he has not been careful to select such pieces as a National School girl might have written, such as are rather below her capacity to appreciate than above it.

It is a book prepared for the English market, so it contains nothing distinctively American, and a little it does contain that is distinctively English. The honor of the first page is accorded to "Rule Britannia." But it is true to say that, on the whole, the book is as much worth liking and will do as much good here as anywhere else where the English language is spoken. And even the American who takes a narrower view may properly introduce it among his patriotic young; Longfellow disputes with Wordsworth the place of most prominence; Mrs. Sigourney appears as well as Mrs. Hemans; Percival, Frances Osgood, Sprague, and Goodrich are to be found along with Rogers, Cowper, Hood, and the rest. Briefly, it is a pretty collection; if all our school children knew it by heart they would be the better, and it is worth their fathers' and mothers' liking.

**The Book of Evergreens:** A Practical Treatise on the Conifera or Cone-bearing Plants. By Josiah Hoopes, of the Phila. Academy of Natural Sciences. (New York: O. Judd & Co.)—A convenient manual of information about coniferous trees, mainly compiled from works of a larger, more purely scientific, and more costly character. The classification adopted is simple, and will be satisfactory to nurserymen. Those who hope for instruction in regard to the character of the recently introduced evergreens, when mature, with reference to their use in landscape composition, will be generally disappointed. The author might easily have obtained much better information than he has done about many, and, by doing so, would have much increased the value of his book to a large class of readers. Observations in regard to the color, form, and habit of young plants of coniferous trees are likely to be very deceptive when applied to old ones. For example, young trees of *Pinus Sabiniana* sometimes present "a compact mass of deep green verdure gracefully extending to the ground," and if the full-grown trees could be expected to be of this description, Mr. Hoopes might be justified in saying that no other evergreen is more desirable. But the fact is far otherwise. Long before the tree reaches its full size, its foliage becomes excessively thin and dull and feeble in color, so that for landscape purposes it is the most worthless of the pines.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The New York Branch of the Association for Educating the Blacks of the South has reached the end of its Sixth Annual School term with an exhausted treasury. It has not the means of bringing home the devoted band of women who, for the past nine months, have given up all the comforts of their own quiet Northern homes to work for the education of the nation's wards—a work carried on in the face of many privations, and in some places in opposition to the active enmity of the so-called "better class." During the past season, as in the previous ones, the society has educated many thousands of children and some hundreds of adults, and the Trustees confidently believe that, of the money entrusted to their care, not a dollar has been wasted. But the receipts of the past three months have not equalled the promises at the time of the opening of the schools last fall, and the Trustees are now compelled to ask all who feel an interest in this great work and in its continuance, to contribute without delay such amount as they may be willing to give, sending it either to FRANCIS GEO. SHAW, President, 30 Vesey Street; or EDW. F. DAVISON, Treasurer, 128 Pearl Street. New York, July 1, 1868.

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## Is It Honest?

Manufacturers of Shuttle or Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines, who make this class of machines only, would have the public believe that the shuttle-stitch alone can or ought to be used in any of the various industries in which the Sewing Machine is employed. Let us examine with how much reason, truth, or honesty they seek to force this conviction, and what methods they employ.

They claim that the shuttle-stitch is "alike on both sides" of the material.

*It is true that the shuttle-stitch can be made "alike on both sides" of thick cloth or leather by expert operators; but that this stitch forms a perfect seam "alike on both sides" of thin material is not true, as every Sewing Machine operator knows.*

They claim "economy of thread" for the shuttle-stitch.

*It is true that the quantity of thread contained in a given length of seam is less than is contained in the same length of seam sewed with the Grover & Baker stitch; but it is also true that from four to six inches of thread is wasted at each end of every shuttle-stitch seam, short or long, in order to secure the ends, and an equal or greater quantity of thread is wasted at the end of each bobbin. It is also true that a large amount of time is wasted in fastening the ends of seams by hand, in re-winding the thread on little bobbins every half-hour, and in readjusting the machine and work after every interruption.*

They claim that the shuttle-stitch will not "rip or ravel."

*It is true that it is difficult to remove a shuttle-stitch seam, although it is very desirable sometimes to do so; but it is equally true that the shuttle-stitch will rip out in wear if the seam is cut or broken or the ends left unfastened.*

Not satisfied with claiming for their machines all the merits they possess, as well as many which they do not possess, these manufacturers wilfully misrepresent the Grover & Baker stitch (their great rival), and unblushingly publish false statements in regard to it and the machines making it.

They say that the Grover & Baker stitch wastes thread; that the seam is insecure and will ravel; and that the stitch is only fit for embroidering.

Now they know, and every one of the two hundred thousand users of the Grover & Baker stitch machines knows, that there is *not any thread wasted* in making the Grover & Baker stitch; that the thread used by this stitch enters into the material, and no more is used than is necessary to make the seam strong and elastic; that the amount of thread thus used in ordinary seams is not more than is used *and wasted* by the shuttle-stitch—in short seams it is less. There is no *time wasted* in fastening ends of thread, nor in winding bobbins, in making the Grover & Baker stitch; nor in adjusting the machine and work after frequent and vexatious interruptions, as the threads are fed to the machine directly from the spools, and there is no necessity for once stopping the machine during the process of working up two spools of thread, of whatever size.

They know, and every one of the two hundred thousand users of the Grover & Baker stitch machines knows, that the Grover & Baker stitch *will not rip or ravel* in wear, that the seam may be cut at every sixth stitch and still remain firm, but that, if required, the seam or any part of it can be removed with facility.

They know, also, that the Grover & Baker stitch

machine is capable of doing the largest range of family sewing, from the very finest to the coarsest; that the work it does is more elastic, more durable, and more beautiful than work done by shuttle-stitch machines, as attested by the numerous prizes awarded for it at exhibitions and fairs throughout the civilized world, in competition with the work of the shuttle-stitch; and that the capacity of the Grover & Baker Machine for executing the most beautiful embroidery is an *additional quality*, and a branch of machine-sewing in which it stands without a rival.

For many purposes the shuttle-stitch machines answer well, and for such purposes they are excellent machines. They are well adapted for manufacturing thick and heavy materials, not subjected to much stretching, and that do not require to be washed and ironed. This stitch, being inelastic, is not adapted for dress or cloak making, or family sewing. For these purposes, it is generally conceded that the Grover & Baker stitch is the best.

The still more extensive use of the Grover & Baker stitch machines for family sewing is especially desirable for the two following reasons. *First.* The articles manufactured by this stitch will wear longer than those made with the shuttle-stitch, as the seam outlasts the garments; and hence the use of the Grover & Baker stitch on articles that are to be washed and ironed will prove an incalculable saving to the country. *Second.* The many difficulties and annoyances experienced by women, not expert operators, in adjusting the intricate machinery necessary to form the shuttle-stitch, have a tendency to weaken their faith in the general usefulness of Sewing Machines and discourage their employment in the household. The great simplicity of the Grover & Baker stitch machines especially fits them for use in families; while, to the skilled operator, they offer the widest field for the most elaborate ornamental and fancy work.

Parties interested in shuttle-stitch machines only may be disposed to question the soundness of these views; but, if the public who desire to purchase Sewing Machines will use the proper means to ascertain for themselves, by actual test, which of the two stitches is best adapted for their purpose, and not be misled by the statements of interested parties, and if that purpose is family sewing, they will not select the shuttle-stitch.—*Church Union.*

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